DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 164 179 RC 010 990

AUTHOR	Johnson, Broderick H.; Hoffman, Virginia
TITLE	Navajo Biographies. Volume II.
INSTITUTION	Rough Rock Demonstration School, Chinle, Ariz. Navajo Curriculum Center.
PUB DATE	78
NOTE	141p.; For related document, see ED 040 784
EDRS PRICE	MF-$0.83 HC-$7.35 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	*American Indians; *Biographies; Cultural Background; Health; Illustrations; *Leadership; Navajo; Reservations (Indian); *Resource Materials; Treaties; *United States History
IDENTIFIERS	American Indian Education; *American Indian History; *Navajo (Tribe); Tribal Government

ABSTRACT

The second of two volumes, this collection contains biographies of seven Navajo men and women chosen to represent Navajo leadership in the twentieth century. Originally appearing in a 1970 publication of the Rough Rock Demonstration School, the biographies appear here unchanged in order to make them available once again. In addition to the life stories, which are interspersed with portraits, drawings, and photographs, the volume contains a letter to Navajo students stressing the importance of learning about their heritage, a bibliography, a pronunciation guide for Navajo and Spanish words used, and a description of the approach to education at Rough Rock Demonstration School--one which emphasizes Navajo language and culture. The biographies in this volume are of Sam Ahkeah, Albert George Chic Sandoval, Paul Jones, Chaba Davis Watson, Annie Dodge Wauneka, Dr. Taylor McKensie, and Raymond Nakai. (RS)

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NAVAJO BIOGRAPHIES

VOLUME II

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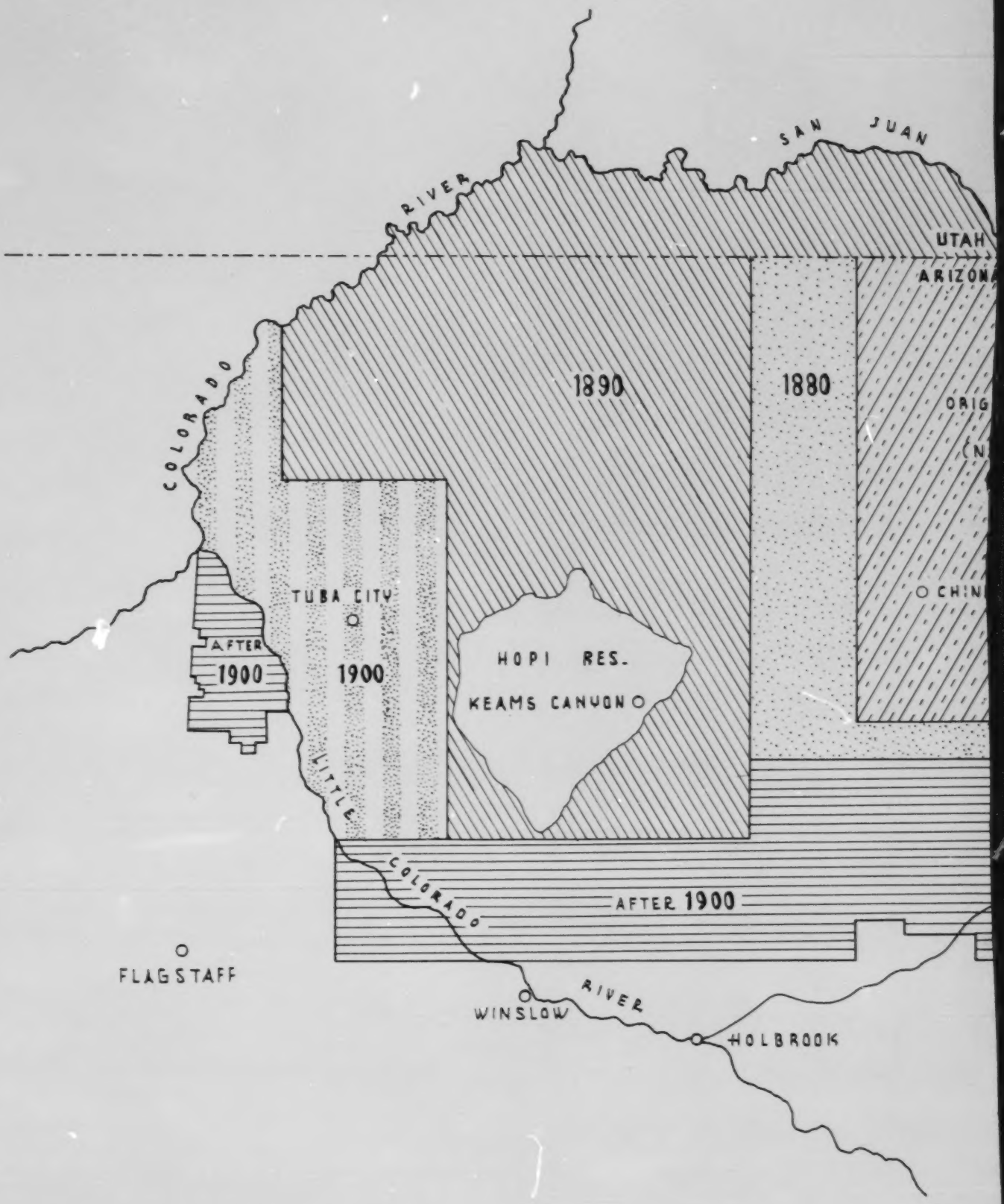
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GROWTH OF NAVAJO RESERVATION

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FIRST EDITION VOLUME II

Documented and fictional quoted material in the first story is distinguished by printing the fictional conversation or monolog in italics. All other quoted material is either directly quoted from written records or directly quoted or paraphrased from interviews with family members of the biographical subjects. It is well-known that in the oral tradition, versions of stories differ among storytellers. Much additional information exists among the Navajo people about the men and women in this book, and it is sincerely hoped Navajo writers will bring this to the public in published form.

Supported in part by Johnson, O'Malley funds.

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Navajo Education in Action:
Rough Rock Demonstration School

Navajo History Vol. III - Navajo Education

Copies of Navajo Biographies Volume II and other books may be obtained by contacting the Navajo Curriculum Center, Rough Rock Demonstration School, Star Route One, Rough Rock, Arizona 86503.

Introduction

The panorama of Navajo life as it reaches through the centuries is truly awe-inspiring. The beloved land and lifeways of Dine, The People, have endured grave danger and threat countless times. The people themselves have suffered mass exile, starvation, and humiliation. Yet the people's strength, and their wisdom in choosing leaders, has carried them through times of serious trouble with a never-failing sense of historical perspective and an indomitable faith in the goodness of life lived according to the Navajo Way.

In each generation, the Navajos have produced a group of leaders whose combined talents reflect the epitome of Navajo life — balance. These men and women sought ways to live in harmony with neighbors of three different flags, and though harmony was elusive in their dealings with non-Indian neighbors they fought to preserve it within their sacred boundaries.

The lives of seven of these great men and women are herein recorded as faithfully and as accurately as historical documents and the oral tradition of the Navajos can provide. These leaders were selected from a field of hundreds, as representative of the quality of Navajo leadership from the early twentieth century through 1969. For making possible the presentation of the stories, our deepest gratitude is owed to many people. Foremost among them are the following.

For their patience, good humor, and gracious giving of valuable time and information we wish to thank Mrs. Chabah Davis Watson, Mrs. Annie Dodge Wauneka, former Chairman and Mrs. Raymond Nakai, Dr. and Mrs. Taylor McKenzie, and the late Paul Jones.

Without the abiding interest and cooperation of these great members of the Navajo Tribe, the biographies could not have attained the authenticity they now possess.

Among the persons whose interest and assistance helped make this book possible we should like to thank Mr. Sydney M. Callaway. Mr. Callaway's work with the original versions of the stories, while employed by the Navajo Curriculum Center, was an important step. His work was particularly helpful with the stories of Chic Sandoval, Paul Jones, Chabah Watson, and Taylor McKenzie.

Our sincere gratitude also goes to Mrs. Shirley Chee Begay, who typed hundreds of pages of manuscript with unfailing good cheer and accuracy. We also wish to thank the late Martin Hoffman, former Director of the Navajo Curriculum Center. Our thanks also go to John Connor Hill, Navajo Curriculum Center photographer, who gave many hours to copying photographs from family albums in order that they might appear here.

Volume II of Navajo Biographies includes the life stories of Sam Ahkeah, Albert Sandoval, Paul Jones, Chabah Watson, Annie Wauneka, Dr. Taylor McKenzie and Raymond Nakai. These biographies first appeared in *Navajo Biographies*, published in 1970 by the Rough Rock Demonstration School. In 1974 approximately one half of *Navajo Biographies* were reprinted as *Navajo Biographies Volume I;* which contains biographies of Narbona, Antonio Sandoval, Zarcillos Largos, Manuelito, Barboncito, Ganado Mucho, Jesus Arviso and Henry Chee Dodge. Now in 1978 the remaining stories from the 1970 Rough Rock publication are printed in *Navajo Biographies Volume II.* There were no changes or additions to the stories; merely their publication so as to make the biographies again available, since the 1970 book was out of print.

Navajo Curriculum Center

NAVAJO BIOGRAPHIES

VOLUME II

by

Broderick H. Johnson and Virginia Hoffman

illustrated by

Hoke Denetsosie, Andy Tsinajinnie. and Clifford Beck Jr.

NAVAJO CURRICULUM CENTER
ROUGH ROCK DEMONSTRATION SCHOOL

1978

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To Navajo young people -- *that your own life stories may one day reflect the wisdom, strength, and compassion for others shown in these stories of your great forefathers* -- **this book is dedicated with a prayer for your success.**

A Message to Navajo Students

from the School Board
Rough Rock Demonstration School

Throughout the history of the Navajo people, there have been many great leaders who have shown us good qualities to learn and live by. Some of these leaders were Narbona, Antonio Cebolla Sandoval, Zarcillos Largos, Manuelito, Barboncito, Ganado Mucho, Jesus Arviso, Henry Chee Dodge, Sam Ahkeah, Chic Sandoval, Paul Jones, Chabah Watson, Annie Wauneka, Dr. Taylor McKenzie, and Raymond Nakai. These leaders and the things they did, had and will continue to have a great influence upon our lives and the future of our people. Because of this it is important for us to study and learn to understand them and the way they lived and the things they accomplished.

We hope you will study these things with open minds and hearts and learn them well so that you will always remember these leaders and why they became great men and women. If you will do this, you can learn from the experiences of these men and women. This is why we must go to school that we may learn our true identity by learning about our past, our world around us, and the experiences of others before us. Learning these things will keep our minds growing and progressing without losing sight of our culture and who we are.

When we are young we often do not understand why it is important for us to study and learn about our forefathers. But as we get older, we will be able to relate the experiences we have to the things we have learned. Then if we have been diligent and taken advantage of every opportunity to learn while we are young, our lives will run more smoothly and we will walk in beauty. These teachings we learn in our youth will then become our teachings to pass on to our children.

By learning the teachings of our people as we learn the way of life and teachings of the Anglo our lives will not be hampered. We will be able to compete in the changing world and still retain the the security of our true identity as a strong and happy people.

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SAM AHKEAH

Tódích'íinii Clan--Bitter Water People

Ashkii* sat beneath the juniper tree, watching the water swallow up his pebble, while rings of water grew out wider and wider from the place where his pebble had splashed into the wash. In his eight-year-old world this time of afternoon by the wash was Ashkii's favorite part of herding sheep. The sheep were scattered like tufts of white cotton along the banks of the Chinle Wash, grazing on small desert bushes.

His world in this sunbaked country of buttes and flatlands near Rock Point included his family's camp of earthen hogans, the small trading post, the rocks and the sheep. His world ended at the horizon, a shimmering blue on this hot August day.

"Where does it go?" he wondered, studying the sky. "Does it end out there beyond the rocks?" He had pondered this many times and had yet to satisfy his curiosity.

A gentle breeze stirred the bushes and rippled the water. Ashkii stood up slowly and hunted for a bigger rock to sail into the water. He knew it was nearly time to take the herd home, but he wanted to make the waves circle out one more time.

He herded the sheep into the small log corral, as the sun was lowering itself behind the western mesa. Then he took a few more minutes to day-dream as the last of the herd went into the enclosure. He was dreaming about moving up into the mountains in a few months for the piñon nut picking season.

"Ashkii, bring in some wood," the boy's grandmother called from the brush shelter. The boy walked to the woodpile and whacked off some small logs with the axe.

Of all the relatives in his family's camp, Ashkii had long ago chosen his strict but loving grandmother as his favorite. His parents' hogan was only a few yards from his grandmother's, and he was with them often, but he liked to sleep at his grandmother's hogan. She was a medicine woman and a fine storyteller. He loved to lie by her fire on winter evenings and listen to her tell the old Navajo legends.

---

* Boy

Now he carefully placed the firewood inside the fragrant brush shelter, where the slim branches and dry leaves made cool walls for summer living. He looked up and saw his father bringing the horses in, and started out to help with all the others in the camp. They spaced themselves in a large circle around the horses and began driving them into the corral.

Suddenly an unearthly noise blasted through the peaceful camp. The horses reared and snorted, suddenly going wild. The women looked out toward the dirt trail, and through clouds of dust saw a dark monster moving rapidly nearer to the camp. The women screamed and ran into their hogans. The men tried to round up the horses, and at the same time comprehend the noisy "beast" that was jolting closer and closer. Ashkii stood transfixed, his eyes wide and unbelieving at the sight. Suddenly, the "monster" stopped in its tracks. As the dust began to settle, Ashkii saw a man emerge from the object, a man with light skin and yellow hair.

Both the large object and the man who had come from it fascinated him. The "beast" looked faintly like a wagon, but it had no horses or mules pulling it! It was dark brown, and seemed to be quite calm and peaceful for the moment. The man, too, puzzled Ashkii, for the boy had never seen a fair-haired, fair-skinned person like that before. The trader, whom he saw occasionally, was almost as dark as Ashkii, not nearly as white as the man walking toward his family.

The women were still hiding, and the men were riding in the nearby desert, still rounding up the horses. Ashkii stood as still as the branches he was peeking through in the brush shelter. He was glad to see his father riding back into the camp now. Once more, the men were going to try to drive the horses into the corral. His father abruptly called the rest of the family out to help, while the stranger stood still some distance away. Finally the nervous horses were calmed and safely enclosed. The stranger moved forward toward Ashkii's father. Ashkii had retreated again to watch from his peephole in the brush shelter and he saw the two men gesturing at each other. In a few minutes, the man went back toward his machine again. Ashkii covered his ears as the noisy thing started off down the trail. As soon as the stranger was out of sight, a babble arose through the camp. Ashkii's father quieted the women, telling them the man was trying to find his way to the trading post. Ashkii learned that the "beast" was a motor car, a machine which could move about and carry people.

While the adults went back to their work, Ashkii puzzled over the experience. He tried to imagine a herder taking a flock of motor cars to graze, and wondered how one could stand the noise of a number of the beasts at once. He tried to envision a camp full of light-skinned yellow-haired people, and the thought struck him at first as very funny.

But his mind quickly filled with a million questions. There must be many more kinds of people than he knew of. The sky must go beyond the rocks in the distance. What else was there that he had never seen before? More than anything he wanted to find out. He was to find out sooner than he expected. The next evening when he came home with the sheep, he noticed that his grandmother's loom was empty. Perhaps a trip to the trading

post was coming up! But he waited, playing with his puppy while his grandmother flopped a piece of fried bread into the iron skillet. Soon he was tearing off crisp pieces of the hot bread to fill his hungry stomach.

"My sister will herd the sheep tomorrow," his grandmother announced softly. *"You must stay at home with me."*

Ashkii anticipated her next statement – *"We're going to the trading post?"*

"A man is coming to see us," she responded. *"He came today to see you. I told him to come again tomorrow."* A long silence passed, while Ashkii puzzled over this and waited for his grandmother to explain more.

"I hear there is a school where you can go and learn many things," she finally continued. "I think the man will take you there."

She watched her grandson's eyes shine, and added, "Perhaps now you will find the answers to some of your questions." Ashkii was surprised, and so happy he could hardly sit still. His grandmother was sending him to school – while many parents he knew of hid their children when the school people came around.

He knew this, for only a few weeks ago at the horse race, his friend Tsosie had told him. They had laughed until they hurt, over the thought of Tsosie's mother rolling him into a rug and hiding him behind a pile of sheepskins when she saw the wagon rattling through clouds of dust up to her doorstep. No Navajo would drive that fast.

"The white man finally went away, and I was glad. It was too hot and itchy in that rug, I almost sneezed," Tsosie had laughed. Other children at the race had gathered around to enjoy the story, and they, too added stories about "escaping" the school people.

"Perhaps we will go to the trading post after he leaves," Ashkii's grandmother said, smiling. She saw his curious gaze, and added, "The man will tell you all about the school. He said you can learn many things there that you cannot learn here. This is a challenge, Ashkii. Go learn about it and come back and teach us."

It was 1904, and Ashkii's grandmother had seen a great many changes since her girlhood at Fort Sumner. She remembered many hungry years her family had suffered. Like most of her family, she had grown very thin in the bad years during and after Fort Sumner. She remembered as a very young child that the Utes had been dangerous, but aside from their raids, the only people who came near her home were other Navajos – until the soldiers came in 1863.

Now, in her later years, it seemed with each passing season, more and more white people hovered around the edges of her land. Trading posts had sprung up, where Navajos could buy shoes and clothing, an unheard of thing in her childhood. She was fairly certain that these changes would not disappear, but rather would increase, until – if she lived long enough – she would not even recognize her country. The boy had better learn how to live with these changes, for he would outlive her by far.

The school superintendent, a white man, came back the next day, after Ashkii spent several long quiet hours wandering around his home with nothing to do. He'd chopped more wood, and he'd played with his puppy. Now the sun was reaching the middle of the sky. If the man didn't come soon, they probably would not go to the trading post today.

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Then he heard the wagon. He ran into the shade of the brush shelter, but his grandmother called him out. The wagon stopped near the corral, and a man in store clothes climbed down.

Ashkii walked out into the sunlight. The man smiled and asked his grandmother something Ashkii could not understand. He asked, "What's the boy's name?" Ashkii's grandmother understood the word "name" as the man pointed to the boy.

"Ashkii la," she answered quietly. The man wrote down "Ahkeah," the name he thought he heard. After this name he added "Sam." The school people were accustomed to at least two names for children, a first and a last name. For Navajo children, who usually went by one name publicly, the man had become used to adding a first name — Charley, Jim, John, Sam, or some other name that sounded reasonable to him.

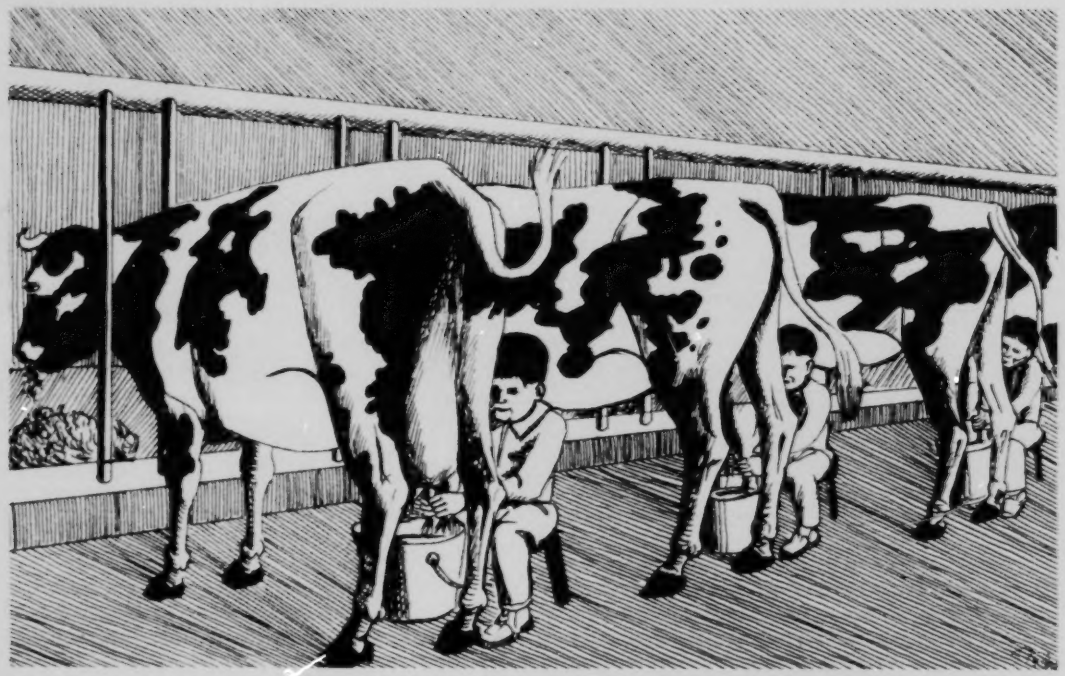
Ashkii savored his last trip to the trading post that summer, breathing in the colorful smells of the store: leather goods, raw wool, dusty shelves of calico, kerosene lanterns, and so many things it took the boy hours just to look at everything. His eyes rested on the selection of hunting knives. He wanted one so much — perhaps his grandmother would get one for him today. She was trading her newly-woven rug at the time, so Ashkii didn't bother her. After a while, he followed her into the pawn room, and watched hopefully as she pawned a huge silver belt, a silver necklace, and some other pieces of jewelry. Surely, she would be able to get a knife for him!

But his grandmother had other things in mind, particularly school clothes for Ashkii. He was disappointed, but said nothing as they left the trading post late in the afternoon, with bundles of flour, coffee, cotton material, and store trousers for Ashkii.

A man from the school came for Ashkii, and drove him to Fort Lewis, Colorado, in a wagon. The boy was amazed as the wagon pulled to a halt some distance away from the school buildings. His eyes took in acres of green grass and trees, buildings unlike any he had ever seen, built high and square. He tried to reason out how such buildings were made, what held them together. He tried to understand why the country was so green, so lush with grass and trees. Ashkii was eager to get started and learn about these things. He walked toward the building, behind the white man.

School was the strangest place he had even seen. Like the trading post, the school had smells of its own: soap, paint, chalk, sawdust, lumber, and disinfectant. Ashkii learned about the last item quickly. Almost as soon as he arrived, he was taken to have his long hair cut off and his head doused with disinfectant.

Soon he was facing the school superintendent, who tried unsuccessfully to say "Ashkii." "Ahkeah" was much easier to pronounce, and Ashkii soon learned to live with it. The sounds of the classroom were harsh, and Ashkii struggled to remember that his name was "Sam" at school. At first, it was the only word he recognized when the teacher spoke, but as the weeks passed he began to add other words to his English vocabulary.



Unlike some of his classmates, Sam liked school. He especially looked forward to the daily afternoon work sessions. He learned to milk cows in the school dairy, to build and repair furniture in the carpenter's shop, to work in the garden and in the kitchen. The students grew most of their own food, and a good harvest meant good food from the school kitchen.

Along with these jobs, Sam and his classmates also cleaned the buildings, sweeping, painting, and repairing as was needed.

Some of his friends that first year were talking of running away, homesick for their families and old way of life. But Sam would not take part in their plans. He respected his grandmother's foresight, and was determined to make her proud of him. That winter one of his friends ran away. When the boy was found frozen to death only a short distance away from the school, Sam was thankful he had refused to take part.

But as the warm days of spring approached, Sam found it harder and harder to keep his mind within the classroom, when green buds appeared on the trees outside and he thought of his quiet afternoons of herding sheep along the wash. The afternoon work period became more enjoyable, now that the boys were put to work preparing the garden for planting. Sam lived out the final days of school thinking happily that he would be home with his grandmother soon.

Summer and vacation time finally came. Sam went home and quickly settled into his happy life, a lively young boy. His grandmother wanted to butcher a sheep, so all the friends and relatives got together in the little camp for the occasion.

Sam especially loved sheep-butchering time because his grandmother always let him take the sheepskin to the trading post and trade it for his favorite treat — raisins. She tried to advise him, "Let this skin dry. Rub it clean, and then take it to the trader. He'll give you something for it."

But Sam never wanted to wait, and he caused many indulgent chuckles and jokes when he grabbed the wet, fresh sheepskin and darted off immediately to get his raisins from the trader.

Before he knew it, summer was over and his grandmother was telling him it was time for school to begin again.

She drove him back up to Fort Lewis in a wagon, and Sam's only complaint was that he would miss the piñon-picking season again. But when he arrived at school, he realized how much he had missed some of his school friends. The garden was lush with the plants he had put in the ground the spring before, and the classroom, somehow, didn't seem as strange as it had the year before. His heart went out to the younger newcomers, who knew nothing yet. *"Don't worry,"* he tried to reassure them. *"You will learn soon. Just keep very still and listen to the teacher,"* he advised, still remembering the sting of the long stick when he had been looking in a different direction early in his own first year.

Four years passed, and with each passing school term, Sam Ahkeah gained more confidence. He know now that the sky did not end just beyond the rocks bounding his family's camp. He still was not certain where it did end, but he began to think it might stretch out endlessly. His world had grown, and he was happy in it.

But his health was another matter. His grandmother worried about him because he seemed to grow taller and thinner by the year. "Do you remember to eat at school?" she teased one summer vacation after his fourth year at school.

"Yes, I eat," he answered. Then he teased *"Maybe the reason I am so thin is that I don't like the school food nearly as much as I like the food you cook."* She smiled at her fast-growing grandson, but she still worried. He was growing taller, but not filling out the way a healthy young boy should. That fall, she told him of a new school, a school at Shiprock, much closer to home.

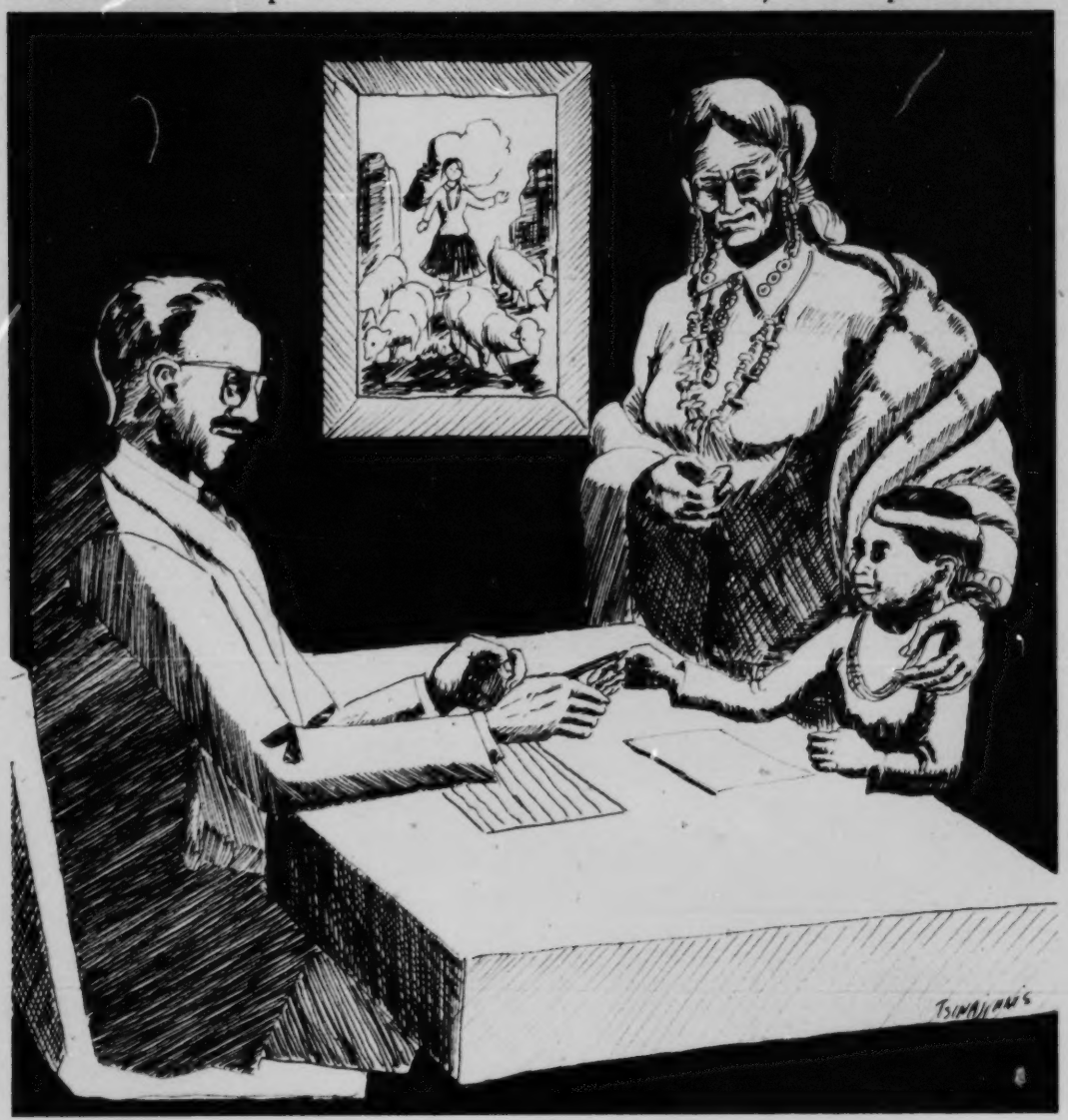
"I think that would be good," she said. *"You won't be so far away from home."* So twelve-year-old Sam returned to school. He was happy to find out that his new school was close to the San Juan River banks. He had grown very fond of water and shady trees, and the San Juan rolled along beneath graceful tamarisks and cottonwoods.

In the fall, Shiprock was an exciting place to be, for the great trading fair was started in 1909, Sam's second year at the San Juan school. All during October, he and his friends stole longing glances over the fence and down toward the riverbanks, watching the wagons arrive, laden with goods the traders brought from all over to exhibit.

Sam stilled his urge to break away from the school and to wander about the fairgrounds, where more Navajo families arrived every day.

The people bringing exhibits and coming to visit were ferried across the river, and the exhibition booths were set up beneath huge cottonwood trees along the shore. Sam wanted to investigate the beckoning smells and sounds, but the agency police were on watch for any mischief by Navajos. Sam did not want to bring shame on his grandmother, so he contented himself with glimpses from the school garden.

He was happily surprised one weekend when his grandmother arrived at the school to ask permission to take him out for the day. The superintendent



spoke so sternly to her that Sam was afraid he would not be allowed to go. But the boy interpreted for his grandmother, and she promised to return him that very evening. Sam had a good record of school attendance and was one of the best students in school. He vowed to work even harder in school if he were allowed to go to the fair. The superintendent agreed and Sam was ecstatic – a whole beautiful autumn day of freedom!

All day, he wandered among the colorful exhibits of Navajo rugs, gleaming silver, fine baskets, and displays of beautiful vegetables. He built a small cooking fire for his grandmother, and soon was eating the hot fried bread which he missed so much when he was in school. Evening came long before he was ready, but he obeyed his grandmother when she motioned to him to prepare to go back to school.

For two more years Sam returned to the San Juan Boarding School, taller and thinner each autumn. During the fall of his fourth year a period of rains set in, rains so continuous that Shiprock became a muddy bog, unable to dry out. The San Juan River rose beyond its banks and threatened to wash away the fair exhibition booths under the trees altogether.

The rains continued day after day, and Sam became sick and feverish. He developed a terrible cough, which embarrassed him because he could not hold it back no matter how hard he tried. Finally a doctor came to see him, and took only a short time to recognize the disease Sam had – tuberculosis.

Sam's grandmother arrived before the fair was to begin and took the boy home. He was lucky, in a sense, for the San Juan flooded soon after that, and schoolchildren were caught in the terrible deluge of water that swept through the small community. Some were saved by men who threw rafts together and loaded the children on them. Others weren't so fortunate. The traders had barely saved thousands of dollars worth of silver jewelry, rugs, and other exhibition goods by moving the fair to higher ground in the last hours before the flood tore over the fairgrounds.

At home Sam's grandmother watched him closely. She didn't like the cough, which came in great spasms and nearly doubled her grandson over. It sounded painful, and it disturbed her that nothing seemed to cure it. She tried to feed him well, to fill out his gaunt frame, but it didn't seem to help. Sam was glad for the times when he was alone out with the sheep, for at least he didn't have to bear his grandmother's sharp eyes. When he felt feverish, he could dip a cloth down into the cool water and sponge his head off.

One day, the doctor at Teec Nos Pas requested Sam to come north and interpret for him. The doctor quickly recognized the signs of tuberculosis – the disease that was killing many Navajos. He knew that Sam would become weaker and weaker with no chance of recovery, unless he left the dusty desert country soon.

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"You'll have to go to clean air, to a higher altitude," the doctor told Sam, "if you want to live!" The young man felt sick so much of the time now that he was ready to do anything to get rid of the cough and fever. He was just past sixteen, and certainly did not want to die yet.

He left his grandmother's home, saying little at the parting. He rode his horse northeast with a feeling of adventure, of hope, of curiosity.

The thought that he would not have to go back to school pleased him, too. Nearly eight years of school was more than most of his friends had, and Sam was ready to use some of the lessons he had learned. He searched for work after riding up into the clean mountain air of southern Colorado. He found the Broadhead ranch near Alamosa, and was hired as a ranchhand there.

His job ranged from milking fifteen cows a day to breaking wild horses, and most of his work was out of doors. The days were busy from dawn until sundown, and Sam's appetite grew bigger with each passing day. By hay-harvesting time, he felt stronger than he remembered feeling in years. When the long, golden days of cutting and stacking the hay were over, Sam returned to his job of breaking horses. This was his favorite work, for he loved to ride up into the tall timber country once a horse had grown accustomed to him. Of all the work he did, these rides gave him more pleasure than anything else. He often rode to the edge of the deep snow, to watch the wild animals which roamed the forest. The cough disappeared, and Sam could sit alone quietly for hours now, studying the habits of the forest creatures.

He realized as the snow began to melt in the early spring, that he was no longer the thin, ailing boy he'd been when he arrived at the ranch. It was time to move on, to find other work, and he said goodbye to the Broadhead family which had treated him like a son.

Sam Ahkeah rode higher into the mountains until he reached the tiny mining town of Silverton, Colorado. Finding no work there, he headed south again to Durango. There, the husky young man signed on as foreman of forty other Navajos to work in the Telluride mines. For four years he worked as a miner, saving all that he could of his small wages. He sent his money home to his father, telling him to spend it for farm machinery and livestock. Sam was laying out plans for a bright future, while laboring in the darkness of a Colorado mine.

The black tunnel he entered every morning doubled Sam's desire to work out of doors again, in his homeland, where the sun shone, where the clouds drifted, and where a man could see a hundred miles away. But he had to keep money coming in so he could buy what he needed to become a successful stockman. So he pulled on his miner's hat with the carbide lamp attached to it, and headed into the black narrow tunnel.

One morning, he approached the mine entrance, allowing himself the luxury of dreaming about the forest, where spring was sending the snow melting down in rivulets, and where the earth was waking up once again. He watched the silver streams of water cutting their way down from the peaks. Then he walked into the tunnel, set down his lunch bucket, and moved along testing the timbers which supported the mine ceiling. The mine operators had mentioned that the mine shaft might be in poor condition, now that the streams were running. Sam walked along a few paces deeper into the mine, carefully checking each roof timber. Suddenly a thundering crash surprised him from behind. A large piece of the ceiling had fallen and crushed his lunch bucket beneath it. Sam moved quickly back out of the mine, determined that this was his last moment as a miner, for it might have been himself crushed under the heavy timbers. He drew his pay, and left the mines as quickly as he could push his horse along the trail.

Nearly eight years of school and almost five years of hard work had taught the vigorous young man a great deal. He was ready to begin building his own world, and he searched for a place with ample water and plenty of trees. About fifteen miles north of the craggy Shiprock he found it, in a little valley called Cudei. The San Juan made its way through the green oasis, with tall cottonwood trees lining the banks. Sam set about building up a little ranch, felling timber for fenceposts, digging post holes, and buying sheep. He became a conscientious rancher on his small holdings, but his savings dwindled rapidly as he added more livestock and equipment to his ranch. It was the most satisfying work he had done so far, but Sam realized that he needed additional income in order to keep it up.

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He learned of a job opening at Mesa Verde National Park, and thought it over. It would mean a steady income, but it would also mean that he would have to leave his ranch, his livestock, his dream, in the hands of someone else. He visited his sister, and she agreed to take care of his sheep for him. Sam packed enough food to last him through several weeks, and rode to Cortez, Colorado, to visit the park superintendent.

Sam's interview was brief, but enough for the superintendent to see that Sam was a serious, hard-working young man. He put Sam in charge of a Navajo crew of maintenance workers at Mesa Verde, as a general foreman. When he found that his work included plumbing repairs, painting, building, and a dozen other jobs, Sam smiled to himself. He had indeed learned a great deal in school, and the most useful of all was turning out to be the long hours of school maintenance work that Sam and his classmates did every afternoon.

As he worked at Mesa Verde, he impressed the park superintendent and the superintendent's wife with his good cheer and great skill as foreman of the maintenance crew. Before he knew what was happening, they found a young Navajo girl and arranged a marriage for Sam. Frances Descheenie was a pleasant and attractive girl, so Sam agreed to the arrangement. Now he had even more reason to plan for the future. He funneled most of his salary back to his ranch, for livestock purchases.

By the time he had worked at Mesa Verde fourteen years, he had built up his herd at home to forty-five goats and 550 sheep. The boy who had nearly died of tuberculosis had become a prosperous stockman by 1933, a respected man in the Shiprock area. And he had managed it while holding down a full-time job away from his ranch.

He had three children to think of, too. Curtis, the oldest, was six. Eleanor was four, and Robert was three. As they grew old enough, Sam sent them to government boarding school, determined they should have the same opportunity for education as he had had. He kept them in school in spite of the disastrous depression of the 1930's. The great depression that hit the rest of the United States so hard also took its toll among the Navajos, and hard-working Sam Ahkeah could do little to change things. With all the sacrifices he had to make, there was one habit he insisted on keeping. His children continued to receive packages of raisins as treats all the time they were away in school.

Then, in 1934, the United States Government's worry about soil erosion in Navajo country finally came out in the form of an order: livestock reduction.

Sam received a personal order to sell eighty percent of his lamb crop for 1934. The traders could hardly afford to buy his lambs that fall, so he sold them at a third of their normal value. No sooner had he complied with this order than a judge and a policeman came to him with another order: to sell 44 percent of his ewes.

People all over the reservation felt the pressure of the first reduction, and many complied. But in 1935, they were ordered to reduce their herds

even further. For Sam Ahkeah the rancher, the order meant financial ruin. He had to sell eighty percent of his new lambs again, and eighty-four percent of his remaining ewes.

When it was all over, he had thirty-nine sheep left from his original 550. His family was soon eating the goats, for lack of means to buy other meat. Thousands of Navajo stockmen told a similar story.

The tribal council meetings rang with urgent debate as the 1930's progressed. The Navajo people who had rebuilt their lives out of ashes with two or three sheep each after Fort Sumner suddenly faced total poverty again, and as in 1863, they were completely helpless to change things. From 1931 to 1934, more than $12,000,000 was cut back from the money Congress set aside for the United States Indian Service.

John Collier, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, broke the news to the Navajo councilmen himself. There were school facilities for less than half of the 12,000 Navajo children already, and now two boarding schools were going to be shut down. While the councilmen were asking for more schools, the government was saying that money was too tight even to operate the schools already built.

Day schools were proposed as less expensive to operate, and Jacob C. Morgan of Shiprock (Later Tribal Chairman, 1938-1942) rose to speak to the council in 1934:

> It is a general feeling of the Navajos today . . . that when you speak about closing the boarding schools you are simply slapping the boys and girls in the face because that is where they got their start . . .
>
> But our people at Shiprock met the other day and they approved of the day schools, those . . . that are in operation and those that are under construction. When they are completed, they say it will be enough . . . because we want to try those out. If any are not a success we will throw them out, and keep those that are a success. . . .
>
> The time has come when we have to think about higher education for our boys and girls. . . . It may be all right to save some money, but saving money does not educate many Indians at all. . . .

But while the councilmen were thinking about improving education, the United States government was still thinking of stock reduction. This program, detested by the Navajo people, jolted the tribe further into economic misery, and the shock waves continued well into the 1940's. The Tribal Council agreed with the idea of conservation – but not at the expense of outright starvation of the families who would have to subsist on the new stock quotas.

In 1938 the Council members were still arguing their case. Commissioner Collier rose to speak:

> I would like to ask a question and have Mr. Fryer (Superintendent of the Navajo Agency) answer it.

> I have been told repeatedly that if . . . the non-productive stock were removed from the reservation, there would be no need of any more reduction. That is, if the wethers and old cattle and the surplus horses — useless horses — were removed, then there would be little or no need of any more reduction . . . for example, the surplus horses are consuming an amount of foliage equal to about 200,000 sheep. If this is accurate, then the problem of grazing control ought to be very simple.

Superintendent Fryer replied quickly with astonishing news:

> . . . By making the reduction on the Navajo Reservation, we can perhaps double the Navajos' income — total income . . .

The council wore on, with questions and discussion from worried Navajos. There was no way out of the stock reduction program it seemed.

Now, a dollar a head was the going price for cattle, sheep, goats, and horses. If livestock reduction doubled the Navajo income, Sam was hard-pressed to see it.

Meanwhile, his children were growing up with a chance for elementary school education in the Shiprock area, but Sam knew that there would be little chance for them to go beyond. The world around him had changed drastically, as his grandmother had foreseen years ago, and Sam Ahkeah wanted to give his own children the same chance his grandmother had given him — an education that would help them deal with the constantly changing scene in Navajoland.

When he was ordered to remove more of the little livestock he had left, he lost his temper — an unusual thing for the well-liked Sam Ahkeah. But he sold off his horses, and reduced his sheep herd again rather than go to jail. Selling his horses was like selling his life — for he often thought it was the wonderful horseback rides up into the Colorado mountains that had cured him of tuberculosis.

He began speaking out at local meetings, and he became known as a hard-working, thoughtful man, who wanted the best possible for his people. For eighteen years, he had worked at Mesa Verde, but now, as 1940 approached, he turned his attention to his own people. Before long, he became widely known as a spokesman for reasonable consideration of matters.

In June, 1940, the Tribal Council was still pleading its case, and Frank Bradley from Navajo District Eight put the Navajo case clearly:

> My personal opinion as to the amount of sheep needed for the support of a family runs between 400 to 500. I am just referring to where a person absolutely depends on livestock alone . . . for support of a family of six to ten children . . . I think the number that has been allowed in the several districts on the permits is sufficient for one *person*.

> Over in my district we are allowed 154 as the highest number anyone can own. I am thinking of myself as an example. I have 154 sheep, and supposing I had a job on the side, I am wondering if that would be sufficient to support my family. . . . I must pay my herder and it will not be long until my herder will have taken all my sheep away from me. I want you to consider this proposition thoroughly. You know for yourselves, and I know and our Superintendent knows from A to Z everything regarding our livestock.
>
> Not only are we just being told to own so many, but are being told to improve the number of sheep we have so they will produce a higher price wool and heavier mutton; that we must improve the rams. . . . My personal knowledge about improving livestock is that where we are just given rams to improve our sheep, it is not sufficient. It cannot be done! I know through my own experience the result of having good rams. These rams when they have offspring four times, they don't stay up to standard. They go back below again.
>
> We are not being told what will be substituted for the livestock we had. We are not told if we do this thing with our livestock we will have sufficient support. We are just being asked to reduce all the time!
>
> . . . Inasmuch as there is no help to be expected from the government, we must depend on our livestock alone. . . . Why not, for the time being, inasmuch as no help is coming from the outside, why not delay the stock reduction? The reason I am saying this is this: an event took place last winter in Land Management District Four. We had always considered the Black Mountain people to have the fattest sheep and mutton, but one day I heard that many truckloads of relief supplies were being taken . . . to be exact, 10,000 pounds to be given in District Four. Compare that with what might happen when the stock reduction goes into effect and there is no relief money to be had from the government.
>
> We cannot expect anything else but one thing, and I don't blame the old women and men for crying about it now. I am saying this with a pleading heart to our superiors . . . I want these land districts to have sufficient livestock to support a family.

Sam Ahkeah felt the same way – at least he hoped for more time for the Navajos to search for solutions to the overgrazing problem. Many Navajos had cooperatively reduced their livestock in 1934. Surely they would cooperate again, if the government allowed them time to find a satisfactory way out of the problem.

He was chosen to represent the Navajos who shared his views, and he traveled to Washington, D. C. in 1941, to speak these views to Washington officials. Many Navajos sent their hearts with him. Though he returned home with no promises for stopping the stock reduction, their hearts stayed with him. He was elected Vice Chairman of the Navajo Tribe in 1942, working with Chairman Chee Dodge.

The stock reduction program left the Navajo people at rock bottom, economically, in the 1940's. Then, as an added strain on the tribe, many young Navajo men volunteered to fight for their country in World War II.

Sam Ahkeah studied harder than he ever had in all his years of school. He had a great deal to learn about tribal government, about solutions to Navajo problems, about non-Navajo operators who were ready to drain the Navajo country of its mineral wealth. Though gasoline was in short supply during the war years, Sam Ahkeah used his gas ration to drive all over the reservation, comforting poverty-stricken families whose sturdiest sons were across the oceans in the United States Armed Services. He drove to Phoenix to bail out Navajo people who were jailed for refusing to comply with the livestock reduction orders, and when his gas ration ran out, he went on horseback among his people.

In 1945, an ironic tragedy struck his family. His oldest son, Curtis, an eighteen-year-old, had just come home from Albuquerque where he had spent three years recovering from tuberculosis. Though the boy was cautioned against strenuous activity, Curtis could not be held back from enjoying his favorite sport, basketball. Three months after he returned, he died of the disease that had nearly struck down his father.

Vice Chairman Ahkeah immersed himself even more deeply in his work. He learned his lessons well, and was elected Chairman of the Navajo Tribe in 1946. Then Chee Dodge, who was elected as Vice Chairman to Sam Ahkeah, died, another blow to the new Chairman. Another great sorrow came from knowing that his grandmother, who had given him a strong push into the new life of the Navajo Tribe, was no longer alive to see how well he had mastered his lessons.

But strength and determination, not sorrow, became Chairman Ahkeah's standard.

As he took office, the tribe was on the way to becoming prosperous again, through mineral land lease money. But a great many Navajos still lived as they had since Fort Sumner, herding a few sheep and tending small fields of corn, beans, and squash. Sam Ahkeah began to think of ways to help their children.

His first job was to improve the Tribal Council. It gained the stature of an important legislative body, and began meeting 100 days a year, instead of for only four days as in the past. With Sam Ahkeah, the office of Tribal Chairman began to take on national importance, and Chairman Ahkeah found

that he had to be an ambassador for his people, as well as a guardian of their rights.

Non-Navajos, who pressed for quick decisions on mineral-rich Navajo land, found themselves cooling their heels while Chairman Ahkeah carefully considered the prospects of lease money for the tribe. His people desperately needed money, for even as 1950 approached, many Navajo families still suffered from the effects of the livestock reduction. When a curious Anglo visitor to the Chairman's office asked him if the stock situation had been remedied, and if the Navajo people now had plenty, Sam Ahkeah answered with a bitter question:

> What is plenty? Is it plenty that a working man tastes meat twice a month, or that a child makes a meal of piñon nuts and sucks the hide of a dead sheep?

He was re-elected for a second term in 1950. By this time there were fifty-one oil wells on the reservation, bringing in $41,771 in royalties to the tribal treasury. (By 1959, nearly $9,000,000 was flowing in from oil production.) Chairman Ahkeah watched this source of income increase by leaps and bounds, during his term. And he finally realized a dream – the tribal scholarship fund.

This program would help to solve one of Navajoland's most pressing problems – employment at home for the young people. Many of the important programs in Navajoland were staffed by non-Navajos – education, health, law, and many others. There were not yet enough educated Navajos to operate these programs in their own homeland, and many young people were returning after elementary and high school to the same way of making a living that their grandparents had known.

"We must encourage our young people to go on in education," Chairman Ahkeah urged. "They are our future. We need thousands of young lawyers, doctors, dentists, accountants, nurses, and secretaries. We need young men and women who have majored in business administration. We don't want them to get an education and take jobs off the reservation. We need them here!

"We older ones will do all we can, with the little education we've had, but it is up to the young ones of the tribe to step in, as we step out, and do a much better job than we've done," he insisted.

In the school year of 1953-54, Chairman Ahkeah's last year in office, thirty-five young Navajo people received Navajo scholarship grants for college. The following year, eighty-three students received grants. By 1959, the scholarship fund would rise to $10,000,000 – a considerable increase from the original $30,000 fund in 1953.

During the early 1950's, his wife Frances had died. By this time, Sam Ahkeah had three more of his own children to think of too: Margaret, Eva and Roger, born in the mid-1940's. But as long as he was Chairman, he had little time to mourn or worry about his personal life. Thousands of Navajo countrymen needed his energy and talent, and he was determined to give them his best.

During Sam Ahkeah's time in office, the Navajo Tribe gained more and better health facilities, more school facilities, and housing for tribal employees. During the twelve years from 1942 through 1954, which Sam Ahkeah gave in service to his people, the tribe grew in many ways, like the ever widening ripples around a pebble tossed into the water. Chairman Ahkeah was fascinated by the waves of progress, but he knew it was time to go home.

When Paul Jones was elected Tribal Chairman in 1954, Sam Ahkeah was ready to go home. He said goodbye to his many friends at the Tribal capital, Window Rock.

He returned to his home near Shiprock, thoughtfully surveying the changes. The way from Window Rock to Shiprock was still a bumpy dirt road, but at the end of it the neon signs of progress were beginning to cluster. He watched a new boarding school go up in Shiprock in 1957, and wondered, as filling stations and stores grew up around it, what his grandmother would think. She would hardly recognize the Shiprock Fair, for that matter, for pickup trucks and cars now carried thousands of visitors to the giant attraction each fall.

Sam Ahkeah remarried and he and his wife Doris delighted in seeing their world through the eyes of a new little daughter, Edith, born in 1960. Laura, an adopted daughter, was also warmly welcomed into the family. The little valley where Sam had his first ranch became a favorite family gathering

place, where Edith and Sam's other children grew to love the quiet San Juan, the old cottonwoods, and Navajo life as it had been in Sam's early days.

Back in his valley, Sam Ahkeah had a lot to remember. He laughed, thinking of the first time he'd seen an automobile. The recollection of his friend hiding under a pile of sheepskins to avoid going to school brought more smiles to his face. He thought with satisfaction of the thousands of Navajo children who now went to school, and of the hundreds who attended college. He spent hours with his own beloved children and grandchildren telling them stories of his youth, and reminding them of how fortunate they were to have so many advantages. These young people would be the ones to sail bigger rocks into the river, he thought proudly, and the waves would circle out farther than he could imagine now.

His rich life ended in December, 1967, but Sam Ahkeah's contribution to the Navajo people is a lasting monument, as enduring as the Shiprock which towers south of his home.

Will Rogers Jr. wrote a tribute to the late Chairman, revealing the kind of admiration many people felt for the great man:

> The death of Sam Ahkeah brought a great sadness to me. He was Chairman of the Navajo Tribe when I was a member of Congress. It was a time when the Navajo people were not doing so well, but I remember his confidence in their future, his dignity, his bearing, and his leadership. The Navajo Tribe has been very fortunate in the caliber of its leadership. It has lost one of the great in Sam Ahkeah.

ALBERT GEORGE CHIC SANDOVAL

Kinłichíi'nii Clan--Red House People

Because the Navajo people had no calendars seventy-seven years ago, birth dates frequently were obscure. Usually it was impossible to know just when a person had been born. Parents seldom were able to give exact information. However, Albert George Sandoval, later known as Chic, had his birth date fixed by two distinct events.

"You were born the year of the Black Horse uprising at Round Rock," his parents told him, "and two days after the Christmas feast at Jemez Indian Pueblo."

That set his birthday on December 27, 1892. The place was near Cabezon, New Mexico.

There were two children in the family older than Chic—Thomas and a sister. Thomas was born in Utah, south of the San Juan River. His sister was born below the wash at Lukachukai. It is more than 200 miles from Cabezon to the birthplace of Thomas, which shows that Navajo families moved about rather widely in those days. It was necessary that the sheep be herded from one pasture area to another in the constant search for satisfactory grazing. Availability of water and the presence or absence of wild game for hunting also were reasons for moving.

Chic's family sometimes went to the little Mormon settlement of Bluff, Utah, to buy flour and other food. His paternal grandfather had a small cornfield near Bluff. One summer the family decided to move to a place near the field to harvest the grain as it ripened. They rode horseback. Chic and his older sister were put on one of the horses. Their father and mother rode ahead, leaving

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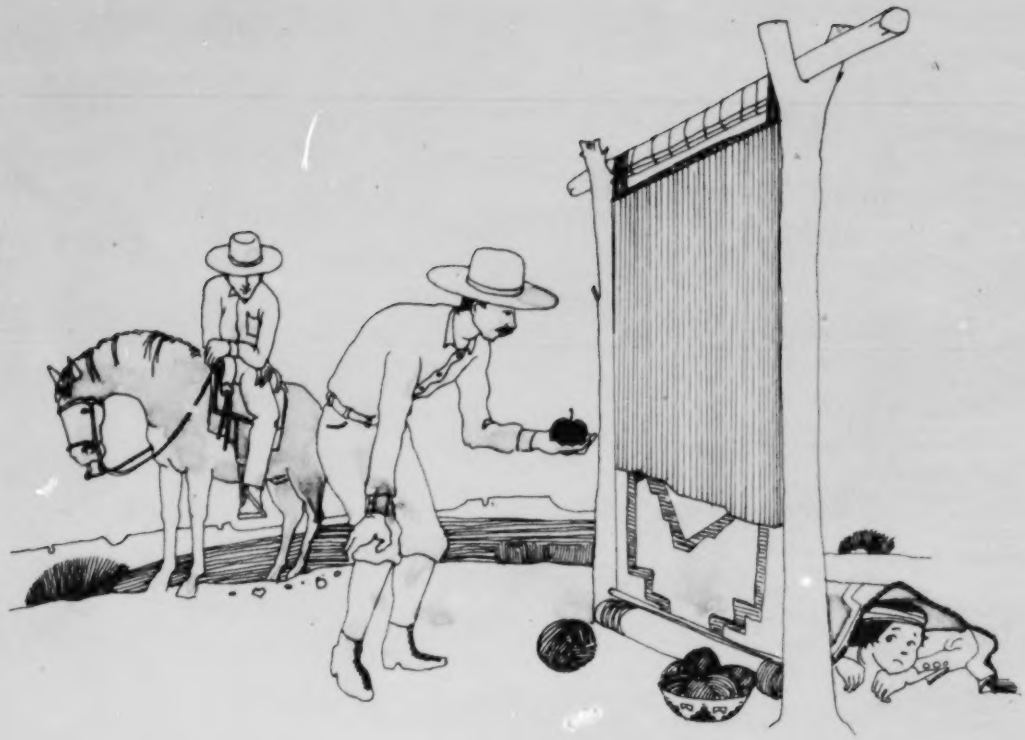
them to follow. The children's horse walked along quietly until the parents were out of sight. Then the animal saw something that frightened him. He jumped and reared. The sister fell off. Chic hung onto the saddle for a little longer; then he was thrown off.

It was a very warm day. The children, unhurt, were hot and thirsty, and they wandered off trying to find shade. One of their relatives finally located them, gave them a jug of water and took them to their parents.

Chic, then about four years old, saw his first white men that fall. His mother was weaving outside the hogan when she saw the two men on horseback coming across the river. She told her children. Chic was afraid. He ran back of the loom and hid behind the rug his mother was weaving.

The men rode up to the camp and dismounted. One of them saw Chic. He tried to get the boy to come out and stop crying. The other man had an apple. He showed it to Chic and coaxed him out. It was the first apple Chic ever had seen. He ate it and liked the taste.

His mother's uncle and her half-brother came the next fall to take Chic to live with his maternal grandmother in the vicinity of Torreon, New Mexico,



about fifteen miles northwest of Cabezon. They were six days on the trail, crossing the arid wilderness—a very tiring trip for a boy of five years. Chic saw his older brother, Thomas, for the first time when he arrived at his grandmother's hogan. Thomas had been with her since he was very small.

The elderly lady lived on the Continental Divide, east of what is now called White Horse Lake and perhaps thirty miles northeast of Crown Point. The family all went by the name of White Horse. The grandmother was called White Horse Woman. Some of her ancestors had built the dam which formed the lake long before she was born.

Until this time Chic had lived up to his Navajo name – Shigii, meaning Little One, or My Pet Boy. At home he had not been expected to work. But White Horse Woman thought he was old enough to herd sheep. So he started to do so just as a heavy snow fell late in the fall. Then, in the midst of the hard winter, an epidemic of rabies struck the area. Coyotes, dogs, sheep, goats, even cattle and horses became rabid.

Chic remembers a day when an aunt was herding with him. A goat began fighting with the other animals and trying to bite them. The aunt got a long pole and clubbed the mad creature to death. Because fire was the only weapon they could use against the disease, they piled brush on the carcass and burned it.

That same winter Chic saw his first Pueblo Indian, a Jemez. The man came to their hogan one night, and the group still was asleep the next morning when the dogs began to bark. They ran out barefooted and found a rabid coyote fighting their sheep dogs.

After that, the men became more alarmed than ever. They rounded up and killed as many rabid dogs and coyotes as they could.

Chic's whole family came the following winter to live with the grandmother. Winter was the season for much storytelling in the evenings. The children learned about the history and legends of the Navajos, especially stories concerning the emergence from the underworlds and Monster-Slayer and his brother. The young men had gone over the earth killing the giants and terrible monsters to make life safer for human beings.

Early morning was an exciting part of the day for the youngsters. They were called early and, in the winter, made to roll in the snow in the belief

that this would harden them and keep them strong and healthy. The girls were allowed to wear dresses. The little boys had to strip to their breechcloths. They ran a mile or more to the east nearly every morning that winter, rolled in the snow and then ran back to the hogan.

They were taught that Holy Beings were watching them and making note of what they did each morning. The children understood that they could not see the Holy Beings because they were invisible and that the beings would bless them with good health and other benefits if they ran fast and were cheerful about the exercise. The children were taught many things in the Navajo culture.

The older brother, Thomas, felt more at home with his grandmother than with his parents. Although he went with his family the next summer as they moved their sheep south, he accompanied them only a little way, got lonesome for his grandmother and returned to her. Chic then became the main herder of the family flocks. He was a little more than eight years old at the time.

The family later moved again to be near Juan Sandoval, a distant relative of Chic's father. They were members of the same clan. The relative was a wealthy man, living on his estate, "Eagle's Nest," on the Rio Puerco. Chic's father began to work for this rich livestock owner.

It was 1901. Chic was nine years old when his father received word that children were to be enrolled in a school at Albuquerque. He was expected to talk to his Navajo neighbors because he was considered a leader. He called a meeting and asked each family to enroll a child or two.

School? That would be something new to Chic. He was curious. He would have gone to Albuquerque willingly, but his father sent Thomas who was older and accustomed to being away from home.

Chic's father took the school children from that area to the city in a wagon. When he returned he told the family about the houses he had seen. They had little fires in them, he said. All you had to do was push a certain spot and a fire was lighted. Push it again and the fire went out.

Chic wondered about that as he herded sheep. He didn't know the "spot" was a light switch and that the "little fires" were electric lights. He could hardly wait for his brother to come home for vacation, and he went wild with excitement when that day arrived. Thomas brought his brother paper, pencils and other articles such as colored crayons. The boy never had seen those things.

Chic and his father later went to see Thomas. It was a long journey, and, on the third day, as they approached the city, the boy saw his first train. He was surprised that it had to run on tracks.

Thomas was in the schoolyard when they arrived. The father was in the wagon. Chic was riding a mule which his parents planned to sell.

—HOKE DENETSOSIE

Chic stayed at the school while his father rode off to find a buyer for the mule. He watched Thomas and his friends play marbles and other games he never had seen or even heard of. He was eager to join them.

The head of the school, James K. Allen, took a liking to Chic and wanted to keep him at the school. The father talked it over with Chic. The decision was left up to the youngster—whether he would stay or return home. He thought for a few moments, pleased by the idea that it would be a good chance to play with other boys his age. He pictured school as playing games, wrestling and footracing. He had no idea what it really was like.

"Sure, I'll stay," he told his father. "My brother is here to look after me. I already know some of the boys."

Allen was glad to have the bright little lad enrolled. He handed Chic over to the disciplinarian. The boy was given a haircut and a scrubbing and was sent to the dormitory. He was eleven years old, and, for the first time, he saw water running out of a faucet. It was another milestone on his way to knowledge of the non-Navajo world.

The teachers had trouble with his name, Shigii. They thought it sounded like Shi-Ki, they wrote it Spanish fashion—Chique—and they taught him to write it that way. He went to school half of each day and did chores the other half. Sometimes he worked in the laundry, sometimes in the kitchen. On other days he was assigned to the yard, picking up trash and papers. Later he was detailed to help around the barn, feeding the cows, currying the horses and greasing the wagons.

Back home at the end of the school term, Chic was full of the wonders of getting an education. But he was delighted to see his mother and the rest of the family. He began to herd sheep again the morning after he got home. He would have done that all summer, but an uncle wanted the boy to go with him on a trading and selling trip to the Rio Grande area. He thought Chic would be useful as an interpreter and helper.

His mother consented, and his future began to take shape, although he was unaware of it at the time. He and his uncle traveled from place to place during the day and camped at night. The uncle was dedicated to the Navajo ways. Every night he would sing a sacred song, and he would ask for success in his business and for safety during the journey. He took his bag of pollen each morning when he awoke, faced the east and offered a prayer, with the pollen, as the day dawned.

They sold or traded all the articles they had brought with them. The uncle then took a job cutting wheat with a hand scythe, working for an Indian near the village of Sandia. Chic kept watch over their horses, and he got so lonely that he would sit on a hill, look homeward and weep. He could not speak the language of the Pueblo people around him, nor could he speak Spanish. There were no Navajo boys to talk to. So he was very happy when his uncle finished his harvesting job and was ready to start home again.

He was nearing his twelfth birthday. It was time for him to be initiated formally into his Navajo customs and traditions. His mother, grandmother and aunt knew the proper observances and already had made preparations for the event.

Chic realized that initiation meant he would be thought of as a member of The People and would have the right to take part in future ceremonials. His initiation ceremony was the Night Way, commonly known as the Yé'iibichei (Yeibechai). A fire burned in the center of the ceremonial hogan. Chic and other boys and girls entered from the east. The boys sat on a blanket on the north, the girls on the south. He stripped to his breechcloth; then he covered himself with a blanket and awaited his turn for initiation. He was told not to look at the "gods."

The two assistants to the medicine man symbolized Yei divinities. One, with a black mask, represented Grandfather of the Gods. The other, with a white mask, represented Female Divinity. They wore kilts to just above the

knees, animal hides and ornaments of various kinds. White clay covered any skin that was exposed.

As Chic's turn approached he became nervous and self-conscious. He frequently felt to see whether the breechcloth was hanging properly. He kept his eyes on the ground. He stood up as the figure in the white mask made a mark on each shoulder with sacred cornmeal. The one in the black mask uttered a high-pitched cry and gently struck the cornmeal marks with yucca lashes bound together. This was repeated at other places on his body. Chic never knew exactly when or where it would be repeated, and the suspense caused him to jump when it did happen. The crowd laughed and joked about his nervousness. There were shouts calling for hard or light strokes. When he had been thoroughly treated, the figure in the black mask took it off and placed it over Chic's face for a moment. The boy was told to look up and always remember the Holy People. He returned to his place, put on his clothes, went out of the hogan to the east and returned to become part of the audience.

He felt more grown-up after his initiation, and he was more thoughtful about his future. He went back to school and did very well in his studies. But the next summer he did not go home for vacation. Instead, he stayed with an Albuquerque family which needed a boy to milk the cow and take care of a large lawn.

He put the money he earned in the school safe. He could, in this way, draw out a dollar or so at a time, as he needed it. A dollar in 1906 bought much more than it does now. Chic felt fairly wealthy.

But he was not all "student." Like nearly all boys, he had a spirit of adventure. One night some of the older lads decided to go apple stealing. Chic went with them, but the watchman caught them when they returned. He locked the boys in the disciplinarian's office and left them there. They waited anxiously until noon when the disciplinarian came. He was a strict man. Each boy got a thrashing, and the apples were taken away from them.

The other boys decided to run away. But Chic knew he had been wrong, and he would not go with them.

The next spring he was one of the boys chosen to work in the beet fields near Rocky Ford, Colorado. His job at first was digging ditches. It was heavy work for a fourteen-year-old. Later he blistered his knees thinning the beets.

His wits were not dulled, however, by the long hot summer of hard work, and he promptly was promoted from the fourth to the sixth grade when he returned to school. He also was given the opportunity to play bass drum in the school band.

That session in the Albuquerque school was his last, however. His family had moved to Star Lake when he returned home the next summer. The place, about fifteen miles northwest of Torreon, was named for a Civil War veteran named Star who had opened a store there.

Soon after he went home his uncle, with whom he had traveled before, asked him to go with him and his family to Aneth, Utah, where they all had relatives. His mother consented. The uncle and the aunt traveled in the wagon. Chic and some of his cousins rode the extra horses. They had many places to visit, and time passed quickly. It was November before they turned homeward. Then there was a further delay when they attended a festival at Jemez.

On the road once again, they stopped at the store in Cabezon, where Chic found a letter waiting for him at the post office. It was from Reuben Perry, superintendent of the Albuquerque Indian School. It told him of an opportunity to act as interpreter for the priests at Chinle, Arizona. And it explained that he would be able to earn a small salary and to continue his schooling as well.

The boy already had been recommended to the mission priests by Perry, who formerly had been a school superintendent at Fort Defiance, Arizona. Chic had done some interpreting for Perry during a small emergency a few months before school was out.

Chic went to Albuquerque as soon as possible and told Perry that he was interested. The superintendent wanted him to continue his schooling while he got in touch with Father Anselm Weber at the St. Michaels Mission, but Chic was too excited to apply himself seriously to study. A month later Perry called Chic to his office to meet Father Weber.

Father Weber was a friendly person. He said he was very happy that Chic had accepted the offer of a job as interpreter. But he was on his way to Santa Fe, and Chic would have to wait until he returned. Chic waited; then Father Weber and Chic started west.

The boy rode on a train for the first time, and he occupied a berth. He was too excited to sleep a wink, however, and he still was awake when they reached Gallup at three o'clock in the morning. After breakfast he and Father Weber got on the mail rig, driven by a cowboy, and they set out on the last part of the trip to St. Michaels.

It was bitterly cold when they arrived, but they were greeted by Father Leopold who was huge and heavy set. He wore a long black cassock and smoked a pipe. Chic knew that he was to work at Chinle rather than at St. Michaels, but it was a long time before they started to Chinle. While waiting, Chic became friendly with George Connelly, who was setting type by hand for the Navajo Dictionary of 1910. Chic helped him around the printing office. In return, George taught him to set type and to distribute it in the type cases.

It was Connelly who asked the Fathers to give Chic instructions. He offered to stand godfather to the young man, should he wish to become a Catholic. The next year Chic was baptized under the name of Albert George (George, for

Connelly) Sandoval. But Navajo people still called him Shigii (Chic.). It has been his name most of his life. Some of the Navajos called him 'Eé'nei shoodii Yázhí (Little Priest).

It was March 13, 1911, when Father Leopold and Chic started for Chinle in a buckboard. They were two days making the trip, part of the time in a drizzling rain.

At Chinle's mission Chic began his duties as an interpreter. He found, to his surprise, that his schooling at Albuquerque had made the work at Chinle easy for him. Father Leopold put him to translating the Catechism; and, before long, he realized that he was learning English very well.

Construction of the Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding school at Chinle was under way at that time. Because the contract with the builder would expire July 1, there was need to hire as many people as possible to complete the work. One day, Father Leopold told Chic to harness the mission team and go over to see if he could give the construction men some help. He was hired to haul away the trash, at two dollars and fifty cents a day for man and team.

When Chic received his pay for about two weeks of work he tried to give the money to Father Leopold, but the priest would not take it. Chic had earned it, he said, and should keep it.

The construction contractor arrived by automobile when the job was completed, and Father Leopold sent Chic with him on visits to some of the Indian homes. It was the first car to come to Chinle.

When the school was opened later that year (1911), Chic's main job was to accompany the Fathers and give certain information and explanations in their native language to the Navajo children. In that way he became acquainted with Ethnobah Norcross, a young Navajo girl. She was the boys' matron at the new school and formerly had been interpreter for the government field matron, who taught the people how to care for infants and the sick.

On April 27, 1912, Ethnobah and Chic were married at the school. Later the bride took instructions at the mission and became a Catholic. Their first baby, born prematurely in 1913, did not live.

In 1914 the B.I.A. school authorities of Chinle asked Chic to become the industrial arts teacher and to supervise the boys in their work. After a half day of classes, the boys chopped wood, cleaned the school grounds and did other chores. A man was needed to oversee their activities. Chic consulted Father Leopold who encouraged him to go ahead, explaining that it would mean advancement and a larger salary.

The Indian Service required an applicant for employment to take an examination. Chic did this on May 14, and he failed. Peter Paquette, superintendent of schools of the Fort Defiance area, encouraged him to try again. He did, and that time he passed. He was appointed to the school position on Christmas Day, 1914, at a salary of $540 a year.

His title was industrial arts teacher, but he also acted as boys' adviser or disciplinarian. He stayed at the school until 1916, when there was a change of personnel and he did not like the new superintendent. He resigned in July, and he and his wife moved to a home near the Valley Store, between Chinle and Many Farms. But he knew that he must have a job soon because his wife was expecting another child.

One day he drove to Lukachukai to get hay for his horses. Father Berard Haile had been assigned to the Lukachukai Mission to do missionary work. Chic drove over to say "hello" to him, and when Father Berard found that Chic was not employed he asked him to come to Lukachukai and work for him as interpreter.

Chic told his wife, and they gladly moved to Lukachukai. Father Anselm Weber had told him years before that it was the best place on the Reservation; so they made what turned out to be their permanent home in Lukachukai.

For several years Chic alternated his work between the Franciscan Fathers and the U. S. Bureau of Indian Affairs. One of his principal activities was interpreting for Anglos who had no knowledge of the Navajo language.

By 1923 Chic was busy doing Navajo research for the Franciscan Fathers at Lukachukai. Then, in 1929, he worked with Father Berard for Yale, Harvard and Chicago Universities. He met many learned men and absorbed much

knowledge from them, and, most important of all, each task he did increased his knowledge and understanding of Navajo customs, legends, religion and ceremonies.

In 1934, Professor Edward Sapir of Yale called for his help. Chic had worked for him before under Father Berard; so he consented and boarded a train for the East. Professor Sapir was especially interested in Chic because the scholar was a noted linguist, and Chic was an excellent translater and interpreter of Navajo to English and vice versa.

Chic was forty-two years old at that time. It was his first visit to the East, but he did not like it, and, when his work was completed, he was happy to return

to the red buttes and beautiful mountains of his homeland. A year later he went to Fort Wingate with Father Berard to help him instruct teachers in the art of teaching children to read and write the Navajo language.

It was inevitable that a man of such useful talents should be called upon to take part in the government of his people. What was to become the Navajo Tribal Council had been organized in 1923. It was called a Business Council — with names suggested by the superintendent of the Bureau of Indian Affairs for the Navajo Reservation, with the advice of tribal leaders and the approval of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

In 1928 Chic Sandoval was elected to serve as one of the twelve delegates, first under Deshna Clah Chischillige and then under Thomas Dodge. In 1937-38 the Council was reorganized when Henry Taliman was chairman, and the number of councilmen was increased to seventy-two. Chic continued as a member, and his skill as a translator proved useful on many occasions.

Then he was asked to go to Piñon, in District Four, to be district supervisor for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. As a result, he had to resign as councilman from the Lukachukai area of District eleven. But, in 1955, he was called to Window Rock to serve as official interpreter for the tribal government. Paul Jones took over as Chairman of the Tribal Council that year.

Chic retired in 1960. He had reached the age of sixty-eight and he expected to follow a more leisurely pace, but he was given little rest. Men and women from all over the nation were trying to get information about the Navajos. Many of them came to the reservation. They looked him up and asked for help.

For example, Dr. David Aberle, of the University of Oregon, wanted information on the peyote ceremonials of the Navajos. John Adair, a professor of social anthropology in public health and preventive medicine, came from San Francisco with a group of students. And dozens of others begged for his professional and native knowledge and talent.

Thus, even in retirement Chic still had all the work he cared to do. This included explaining customs, ceremonials, legends and myths to those who wished to give his knowledge to the outside world.

Nevertheless, he and his wife spent a relatively quiet life at their home in Lukachukai. They had reared a family of four—two boys, a girl and a foster son. Now, the children lived nearby to make life more pleasant for the aged Chic and his wife.

Few men have had the qualifications for leadership that Chic Sandoval possessed. In addition, he had a deep love in his heart for his people, and he wanted to serve them. This, no doubt, was the result of his early training. His greatness as a leader also was enhanced by a combination of ability and humility.

The energy, the faith and the devotion which he showed will inspire the children of this generation to even greater efforts in working for the Navajos. He wanted no greater reward.

Chic died April 1, 1968, at the Fort Defiance Public Health Hospital.

He is gone, but he will live long in the hearts of his people.

PAUL JONES

Ta'neeszahnii Clan--Scattered Tree Branches People

Leaning back contentedly in a comfortable chair, with his feet on a hassock, the elderly gentleman talked about his life as a Navajo boy on the reservation, his education and travels, his service in World War I, his years as chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council. His voice was gentle, but he breathed rather heavily at times because of a cold that was troubling him.

Paul Jones, Sr., was happy and excited — but uneasy. He had been asked to accept a position as Distinguished Professor of Navajo History and Culture at the new Navajo Community College, but he had a worrisome heart condition and was under his physician's orders to be careful of over-exertion. With the college located temporarily at Many Farms, about eighty-five miles away, with winter approaching in the midst of a rainy and snowy spell, and with the chest cold that was bothering him, he was wondering whether he should drive to the campus for a conference with the administrators of the school that would offer its first classes in a couple of months.

But as he talked it was apparent that he would make the trip. As a former tribal chairman and with a wealth of experience and knowledge at his command, most of it learned the hard way, he felt that it would offer a real service to his people to be a part of the Navajos' first venture into higher education.

At seventy-three years of age, he was not ready to retire completely. Although he was living quietly and comfortably in a small but cozy and well-furnished home in Window Rock, he wanted to be active — to contribute further to the advancement of his people.

The early years of Tl'ááshchí'í Biye' (Klass Chee Begay — the name means Klass Chee's son), like those of most Navajo children, revolved around herding the sheep and helping with chores at the hogan, such as carrying water and chopping wood. His given name, meaning Protector of the Chief, is Nanita'í Yináálwol. He was born October 20, 1895, six miles south of Naschitti, New Mexico, near the present Highway 666. Until he was eight years old he had little thought of going to school.

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Then, soon after the turn of the century, the principal of the Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding school at Tohatchi, New Mexico, sent a Navajo policeman to the lad's home to take him away to school. In those days most Navajo parents did not understand the need for sending children to school. They felt that boys and girls should stay with them and help with the herding and other work. So it is small wonder that no one thought that this boy, forced to go to school over the objections of his father and mother, would become one of the great leaders of the tribe.

Named Paul Jones by the school principal, he was the youngest — and the only boy, among five children in his family. He was very poorly equipped with clothing, and he had no money at all when he appeared at Tohatchi. Because the school, in those days, did not issue clothes to the children, he had only one pair of moccasins and the clothing that he was wearing when he left home. For a week he even wore long hair tied in a knot at the back of his head.

However, his father soon visited him at school. When he saw the condition of Paul's moccasins, compared with those of the other boys, he went home and made new ones for him. Later, the boy was given a pair of good store-bought shoes.

In spite of his clothing problem, Paul quickly became an apt pupil and learned English very rapidly.

Dr. Lee Huizenga was a medical missionary, stationed with his family, at the mission operated by the Christian Reformed Church at Tohatchi. He knew that Paul was learning English very well, and when he found that the boy was out of school because of poverty at home, he asked him to go along and interpret for him when he visited the sick in their homes. Dr. Huizenga was the first physician to go out to his Indian patients and make personal contacts. In addition, he served both the Rehoboth Mission and the Tohatchi B.I.A. school.

After several years of service among the Navajos, the doctor decided to prepare himself as an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist — the better to pursue his dream of becoming a medical missionary to the Chinese.

Just when the lad completed the eighth grade at Tohatchi, Dr. Huizenga received his call to leave for China. He invited Paul, then nearly eighteen years old because of the time he had been out of school, and a Navajo girl, Christine Hood, to accompany him and his wife and three children to New York. Christine had been a nurse's aide in the hospital at Rehoboth.*

The boy and girl accepted, and the group went first to Grand Rapids, Michigan, where the doctor's mother lived. There they saw, and marveled at, the huge homes and well-kept estates of many of the people, some of whom were in the furniture manufacturing business. At that time most houses had two stories. Three stories were not unusual. There were large barns for horses, as well as houses for the vehicles, including a few automobiles. Many of the people rode in style in fine buggies on the cobbled streets.

From Grand Rapids the group went to New York City where the doctor enrolled in a review course — chiefly eye, ear, nose and throat — at a medical school. The youngsters were taken on tours that made them gasp in wonder. The city, to them, was a very complex place, with its many beautiful parks and streets of great buildings. And the ocean was beyond, upon which the doctor soon would start his journey to China. His one desire was to help Christianize the Chinese people while using his professional skills to cure their ills.

Christine, after sight-seeing in New York, visited briefly in Englewood, New Jersey, and then returned to the hospital at Rehoboth.

The physician invited Paul to continue his education at the Englewood High School. He stayed with the doctor and his wife and children, doing yard and household work in return for the hospitality. This happy situation continued for a year, while Paul improved steadily in his command of the English language.

Then Dr. Huizenga received his assignment, and he took his family and sailed for China. Paul was sent back to Grand Rapids to resume his high school studies at Calvin College which, at that time, had a high school curriculum on its program. He worked at whatever jobs he could find to help pay his expenses. Some friends also assisted. But he was drafted for Army Service in World War I before he could complete high school.

He never saw his good friend, the doctor, again because that wonderful man died in China, and Mrs. Huizenga and the children returned to the United States.

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*Later, Christine married Henry Whipple, son of a trader who lived in Gallup. One of their daughters married Maurice McCabe, who later became tribal treasurer.

Paul had done well in school. He had dreamed of studying medicine so that he could follow the kind of life characterized by his friend. Now, however, circumstances changed everything.

At the age of twenty-two Paul Jones reported for duty with the 85th Division, made up of trainees from Michigan and Wisconsin. All career plans vanished. He responded well to two weeks of intensive training; then he and his fellow "rookies" boarded a troopship bound for England.

The vessel was an ancient British cattleboat that smelled strongly of animals. It was so crowded that Paul and many others slept in hammocks suspended over the dining room tables. It was slow, and the voyage took an even longer time in reaching Europe because of the zigzag and roundabout route required to avoid German submarines which lurked in the Atlantic Ocean trying to sink troop-filled ships. The soldiers finally landed, however, at Liverpool, England, and they were glad to be on solid ground again.

But soon another — and perhaps worse — danger zone faced them. It was the front line.

The battles in France between the Germans and the Allies were approaching a climax during the summer of 1918. The division was loaded into freight cars and rushed to Lyons and from there to the trenches. The poorly-trained men

were in active combat, in conjunction with older battle-scarred troops, soon after their arrival in France. Paul joined the fighting in October.

Like his buddies, he had not been sufficiently prepared for tough duty in the battle zone. He knew very little about fighting tactics. He knew less about the Germans, the French, the English or even the American soldiers.

He was assigned as a messenger between division camps for his division's officers. A gas attack was made on his unit, and the young Navajo was one of those gassed. He was recovering when the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918.

World War I had ended, but Paul's time to leave for home did not come until April, 1919. He remembers vividly his return to the United States. He recalls with pleasure the thrill of sailing into New York harbor and seeing Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty — his deep emotions as he stepped on American soil again. Some of the men knelt and kissed the land they loved.

He also remembers, with humor, the de-lousing process — a farewell to the "cooties." What a miserable life they had made for him during his months in Europe! He says that he was fortunate, though, in escaping the terrible influenza epidemic of that time.

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In a lighter vein, he tells of an unusual incident while he was in France. One day, he and four or five comrades were watching several French women as they prepared grapes for the winery. They were tramping the fruit — barefooted — in huge vats to squeeze out the juice. The women did not look clean. And the grapes were unwashed and still infested with bugs, spiders, worms and debris. One of the women offered him some juice to taste. But the sight and thought of the insect life, crushed grapes and other matter oozing up between the women's toes almost gagged him. To this day he has a profound dislike for wine.

The young Navajo wanted to be discharged as near the reservation as possible, but, because he had been inducted in Michigan, he was returned to that state. He had to make his own way from Michigan to Navajoland. That was not bad, though. He visited Dr. Huizenga's relatives and other friends in Michigan; then he stopped at Lyons, Nebraska, to see Mrs. Nellie Morris whom he regarded as his "adopted" mother. As head cook at the Tohatchi Boarding School, she had liked Paul when he was small, and they had corresponded throughout the years.

Finally, he was home, after having been away for five years. In that time he had known little about political, social and economic problems and issues — but he had helped win a war.

Paul needed work, and the Tohatchi school needed a boys' adviser. They got together, and he saved enough money in a year to continue his education. He returned to Grand Rapids where he enrolled at McLaughlin's Business College. He also worked from three to eleven p.m. five days a week as waybill writer for the American Express Company to help finance his schooling.

After completing his business education in 1924, he went to Chicago, Illinois, to look for work. But jobs were scarce, even for trained men. He worked at any kind of temporary task he could get, including a stint as a helper installing hot air furnaces. Later, he was hired by the National Tea Company, a grocery store chain which handled many kinds of merchandise, to help in its warehouse. First, he was a laborer, unloading railroad cars. Gradually he worked up to the position of assistant shipping clerk because of his business college training.

Among its widespread business activities, the company imported bananas and many other fruits and vegetables from the tropics and sold them after cleaning, ripening and packaging. Paul's job was to keep books on all incoming and outgoing shipments involving the Chicago center. He discovered that the bananas were something like the grapes in France. The incoming packed bananas contained tarantulas, scorpions, lizards and even snakes, and the handlers had to be very careful because most of the intruders were poisonous.

Before moving to Chicago, Paul had been married to Miss Nona Gordy, a Navajo girl from Rehoboth, New Mexico. They lived in Chicago until 1933, when Paul and his wife and four children returned to the Reservation, where he found employment with the Emergency Conservation Work program at Fort Defiance. One of the make-work programs of the depression days, it dealt with soil conservation which was to become a highly controversial issue during

the stock reduction period of the 1930's. He later was with the ECW at Mexican Springs, New Mexico.

The family lived contentedly until 1938, when Mrs. Jones died. She had contracted tuberculosis while living in Chicago.

The father and four motherless children were unhappy for two years. Then Paul married Helen Mike, another lovely Navajo woman, and the family moved to Piñon, Arizona, where Paul became district supervisor for the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

In 1938 the Reservation had been divided into nineteen districts, with a supervisor being named for each. Piñon was in District Four. Busy years followed. He did his work as supervisor, and helped supervisors in other districts. In addition, he was interpreter for the Tribal Council and for the Council's Advisory Committee. It soon became necessary for him to be on duty in Window Rock, the Navajo capital, as much as two weeks in every month. He says that he had to spend too much time running back and forth between Piñon and Window Rock.

He was an excellent interpreter, and finally, he left his job at Piñon to devote full time to interpreting. The family moved to the capital in 1951, with his title being liaison officer between the federal government and the Navajo people. For some time he had accompanied officials from Washington as interpreter on

tours of the reservation. Now interpreting was his established responsibility. Besides his work at Window Rock, he frequently was called to other states as interpreter and guide to official groups. He also talked to various meetings of other Indian tribes.

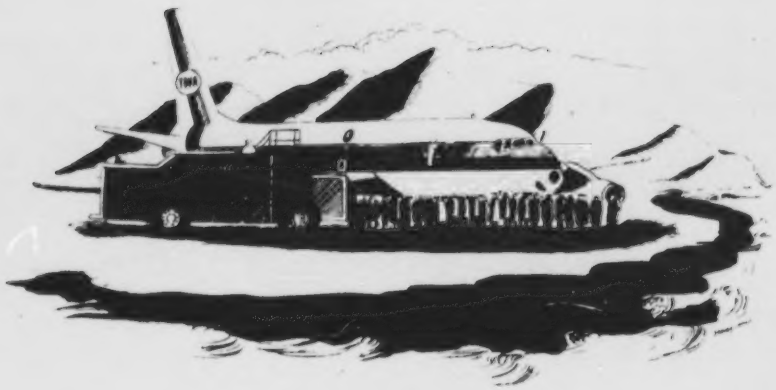
The tribe was growing. Oil was beginning to provide what — to the Navajos — were large amounts of money. The council was emerging as a powerful governing body, and it soon would be able to carry out some of its objectives which had been in the planning stages for many years.

Paul Jones was having rich and exciting experiences. He made many trips to Washington, D.C., and to New York. He met many influential men of that time.

He conferred with President Truman. He met genial President Eisenhower, the general of World War II fame. Later, he was privileged to meet both President Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, who was Vice President at the time. He participated in many conferences in the East, as well as in cities of the West and at Window Rock. Frequently the discussions pertained to projects involving the Navajo Reservation or nearby areas. He is proud of a photograph in which he is shown with President Kennedy as the latter signed a bill authorizing Navajo Dam. And he has the pen used by the President.

Paul Jones had won election late in 1954 as Chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council, taking office early the next year; and, in that capacity, he made many special trips to Washington in connection with the Glen Canyon Dam project. All of this travel was necessary in spite of the fact that he disliked flying, especially in small planes – or in any kind of plane in bad weather.

He tells in vivid terms of one trip. On a flight to Kanab, Utah, in a small plane, the pilot had to fight strong head winds most of the way, and the plane apparently ran out of gas. It began to lose altitude. The men were over rough country where a landing attempt surely would demolish the craft. They were



almost at the point of no return before the pilot was able to get the auxiliary fuel tank to cut in. Finally he made the switch, the plane regained altitude and reached its destination.

Another thrilling experience occurred after Paul was invited by TWA to take a free trip on a new jet plane in a special flight from Los Angeles to New York. As events turned out, he later wished he had stayed at home. However, he boarded the plane in Los Angeles, and everything went well until they were nearing what is now the John F. Kennedy Airport (Idlewild at that time) in New York. Then, suddenly, the guest passengers were told over the intercom that the huge craft had no fluid in the hydraulic brakes and that manual brakes would have to be used.

The passengers followed instructions and prepared for a rough landing. They removed their shoes and glasses. They fastened their safety belts securely. They held pillows over their heads for protection. The plane cruised over the airport while emergency equipment was stationed along the landing strip. When all was ready, the cool-headed pilot set his craft down at the extreme end of the runway. The passengers thought that it never would slow down. Finally it stopped, and they did not know until then how perilously close it had come to the water at the far end of that runway.

Like it or not, Chairman Jones, to accomplish his many duties and objectives, found it necessary to travel by air. As he thus sped along he often must have thought of his saddlehorse, his auto and the uncluttered land and roads back home.

In the fall of 1958 he was elected to a second term as chairman. There was prosperity on the reservation. Window Rock, the capital, was beginning to bustle with activity and growth.

One of the many projects that Jones encouraged was reactivation of the chapter house program. It had been started about 1927 but had been partially abandoned during the stock reduction controversy.

The chapter is the Navajo unit of local government, and, during Paul's second term, there were ninety-six such units on the reservation. It was then that building of new chapter houses or headquarters (comparable in a way to city halls in Anglo government) was resumed. Many additional houses have been constructed since that time, and others are yet to be built. Also, since Paul left office early in 1963, four chapters have been added for a total of 100. The Rough Rock Chapter, formerly part of the Many Farms Chapter, was No. 100.

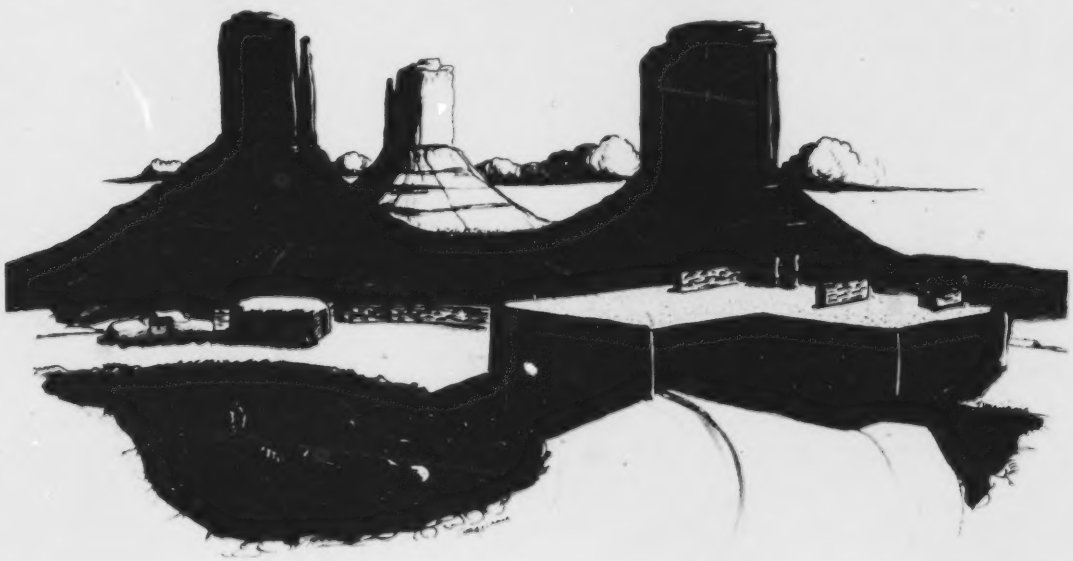
At that time income from oil royalties was flowing into the tribal treasury, and uranium production added millions of dollars. Total in-the-black treasury figures reached a peak of $91 million in 1960 during Jones' administration, and about $86 million still were there at the end of his second term in 1963. According to Paul, those were the highest figures ever reached at any period up to that time.

He is very proud of the many projects which either were started or completed during his eight-year administration. They included:

Navajo Tribal Forest Products Industries, costing $8.5 million; scholarship fund increased to $10 million; range and domestic water project; youth camp; stock ranching by the Tribe (two large ranches bought, others added since); farm training at Shiprock, New Mexico; recreation projects; campgrounds built; chapter houses built and planned; Monument Valley tribal parks developed; tourist facilities constructed; arts and crafts guilds organized and buildings constructed; youth activities encouraged; civic centers built.

In addition, industry and service programs that were developed included:

The Baby Line Furniture Co. at Gamerco, New Mexico; Kingman Furniture Co. (not in operation now); trading posts operated by the Tribe (these generally were not successful); Navajo Tribal Utility Authority begun; irrigation projects



— operation and maintenance — encouraged; community developments made successful; public works projects begun; revolving credit funds established; tribal forestry developed; park rangers organized; tribal police strengthened; appointment of judges for long periods (not elected) begun; First Navajo National Bank (now part of the Great Western Bank) established at Window Rock, Arizona; generating plant built near Farmington, New Mexico; irrigation projects approved by Congress and now being built, and Navajo Lake completed, with Jones helping at the dedication.

In 1959 Paul and the chairman of the San Carlos Apache Indian Tribe flew to Guatemala City, Guatemala, Central America, and they were taken back into the tropical mountains. The trip, sponsored by the federal government, offered a study of the economic and social conditions in that country.

Paul was appalled by the poverty of the Guatemala Indians.

"We think that many of our people are poor," he says, adding "and indeed they are; but millions of other people throughout the world live under really terrible conditions."

He says that, when he was there, many of the Indians were wearing sandals made of old automobile tires. Their clothes were sewed from flour sacks or crudely woven cloth like that worn by the very early Navajos. To earn what amounted to a few cents they broke small sticks and twigs, bound them into little bundles, put them on their backs and trotted into town to sell them. He says that they looked like the little burros of Mexico, loaded with firewood or sometimes hay.

While Paul was a student at Tohatchi, he had carried the mail from that community to Gallup during his summer vacations. He substituted for the regular carrier at times. Two days were needed to make the fifty-mile round trip on horseback. He earned three dollars a day, which would not go too far in the United States in 1917. But it would have been wealth to the Guatemala Indians, according to Paul.

One of his main interests was — and is — education and its advantages, especially to the Navajos. He still follows the teachings of Dr. Huizenga at the Tohatchi B.I.A. school, advocating the learning of trades, business and industrial careers and professions so that the people can move away from dependence upon the raising of animals. In fact, as Chairman, he took a personal interest in obtaining a tribal scholarship for Taylor McKenzie who was a student at the Baylor University College of Medicine, Houston, Texas, in 1955, and the young man went on to become the first member of the Navajo Tribe to be a doctor of medicine.

An example of his success involved the institution at Intermountain, Utah, which was used as a veterans hospital after World War II. When Paul learned that the federal government planned to stop using it, he went before the Tribal Council with the suggestion that it be made a school for Navajo children from the first grade through high school.

That school now enrolls 1,200 students.

Because his own schooling brought him success in life, as well as some of the material comforts, he wanted his children to get all the knowledge they could while they were young, and he wants the same for all present and future Navajo boys and girls.

As for Paul, himself, he has broken his retirement to assume his professorship at the new Navajo Community College — the first institution of higher learning to be established on an Indian reservation. It held its first classes January 27, 1969, on a temporary campus at Many Farms. By the fall of 1971 the college hopes to have permanent facilities on a beautiful 2,000-acre tract near Tsaile

Lake in the Wheatfields area. That is the target date. The land was deeded to the college by the Tribal Council and the Wheatfields and Tsaile Chapters.

The Navajo people hope that Paul Jones' experience and wise counsel will be available for many years.

Naturally, age has begun to leave its mark on him. As this book is going to press, Paul is nearly seventy-four years old. He and his wife and their youngest daughter, Geraldine, have their permanent home in Window Rock; and, in his spare time, when he is not at the college, he works around their pleasant, neatly-kept home. His heart condition forces him to limit his activities to some extent. And, recently, he underwent eye treatment.

When possible, he goes fishing with his youngest son, Ronald, and sometimes with the older boys. And he follows the progress of the Tribe with deep interest. He and Helen celebrated their twenty-eighth wedding anniversary November 10, 1968.

All of Paul's older sisters are gone. The last one died in April, 1968, at the age of ninety-one. Another died in December, 1967, at ninety-six. His own household has become a quiet place in comparison with the days when his children were young. He and Helen have four girls and four boys — as follows, according to age: Helene, Paul Jr. and Stewart (twins), Harold, Pauline, Cynthia, Ronald and Geraldine.

Helene M. Grigsby, married and living in Cleveland, Ohio, is the mother of Jones' first grandchild, a girl. Paul Jr. studied at an electronics school, has served in the National Guard and — as this is being written — is employed by the Office of Navajo Economic Opportunity as a teacher of Navajo adults. Stewart, after fighting for a year on the battle lines of Vietnam, has been honorably discharged from the Army and is working at the tribal warehouse in Window Rock — doing some of the things that he did overseas. Harold also served in the Army in Vietnam and was honorably discharged September 23, 1968. At present he is a student at Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, where he attended for two years before entering the army.

Pauline is in Cleveland, Ohio, where she works in a hospital with her sister, Helene. She studied for a year at Bob Jones University, Greenville, South Carolina. Cynthia, a graduate of Window Rock High School, is in nursing training at Bacone College, Oklahoma. Ronald, eighteen years old, is a junior at Window Rock High. Geraldine, eleven, pert and pretty and in sixth grade, races around on her bicycle, loves summer Bible School, and, we suspect, is somewhat the apple of her dad's eye.

A daughter by Paul's previous marriage, Luella Jones Begay, lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico, with her husband and one son. Another son is in Vietnam. The other three children of Paul's first marriage — two daughters and a son — are dead.

In line with his philosophy of life, Paul is proud that all of his sons were trained as Boy Scouts. He, too, was active in Scouting, winning the Silver Beaver Award. Long a member of the National Advisory Committee, he attended encampments in many cities.

Paul Jones is an excellent example of how poverty during childhood can become a challenge of great force. So great was the challenge in his case that, as a boy, he made it his goal to escape from poverty and to keep away from it throughout his life. It was not his idea of living to possess only the clothes that he had on his back. Furthermore, from his boyhood years it made him unhappy to see his people existing in virtual destitution. What he wanted most was to earn happiness for himself and his family and happiness and prosperity for his people.

The former chairman, reminiscing in his apartment at the college, believes that, of many advancements, the most noticeable progress made by his people during his administration was in the growth of education. And he is very happy that education among the Navajos has continued to develop so successfully that the Tribe can boast of many college graduates — with a great number promised for the near future.

"Education," he says, "will be the means of giving the Navajos their rightful place in American society."

CHABAH DAVIS WATSON

Tlááshchí'í Clan--Red Bottom People

The four-year-old girl stood on the sofa, hugging the graying lady who, in a neat house dress, showed plainly that she liked the child's affection. Sandra Ann Watson, with straight black hair cut in bangs at the front, with snapping black eyes and a happy smile, in turn left no doubt about her fondness for her paternal grandmother.

Mrs. Chabah Davis Watson, retired Navajo teacher, was a gracious hostess as she discussed many aspects of her life on the Reservation. With the little girl playing on the rug or on the sofa – usually close to her grandmother – Mrs. Watson answered questions and reminisced. In the attractive home of her son and only child, Joe Watson, Jr., at Window Rock, Arizona, she was content, taking care of Sandra Ann and the house while Joe and his wife were away on their jobs during the daytime and the other five grandchildren, four more girls and a boy, were in school.

At the time of this writing Karen Nanabah was fourteen years old; Nadine Chabah was thirteen; Josephine, twelve; Diane, ten; Juaquin, nine, and Sandra Ann, five.

In the big, well furnished living room – two sofas, color television, several Navajo rugs, piano, fireplace – she was troubled only by a mild arthritic aching and stiffness in her hands and elbows. It was November, 1968, with winter already at hand and a light, wet snow falling in this eastern part of Navajoland.

She and her husband, Joe, Sr., had a home not far from Wheatfields Lake, about forty-five miles north of Window Rock, but she had decided to "baby-sit" during the winter while Joe, Sr., with the help of a nephew, took care of their horses, cattle and sheep in the higher – and somewhat colder – altitude of the farm.

She had had a very good and useful life, and she was happy to continue being active in this house built of native stone and sitting on a hill close under a high red sandstone cliff on the eastern edge of Window Rock.

Born on the Reservation December 27, 1906, to the Nezkai Begays at Wheatfields, Arizona, she was to become well and widely known as an excellent

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and effective teacher of Navajo children. For five years her life was similar to that of most Navajo children at the time – the hogan, sheep, five brothers and four sisters. Then her mother died, leaving her and three other children in the home; and Nezkai Begay, after serious thought, decided to enroll them in the Bureau of Indian Affairs boarding school at Fort Defiance.

The night before he was to take the children to the school he dreamed that his youngest girl (only one brother was younger) should be called Chabaa' (Chabah). Although the name was unusual for a girl, it was Chabah (Warrior) from the next morning. The child's original name, Baa' yázhí (Bah Yazzie – Little Warrior) soon was forgotten. But the word "warrior" was most appropriate. As a teacher of Navajo children, she was destined to show a truly persistent and fighting spirit.

Small Warrior or not, Chabah was terrified the day the children were enrolled in school. Everything was strange and very different from the simple surroundings which had enclosed her life. She burst into tears when her father said goodbye and turned to leave. She begged to go back home with him.

A brother took her in his arms, though, and said, "Don't cry. I'll take care of you."

After a few minutes she stopped sobbing. But it was an experience she never will forget.

Many other Navajo children have felt as Chabah did when they faced the unknown new world of the boarding school. How different it was from the protected life of the hogan!

She began to look around with interest. As the days went by she overcame her fear and loneliness. She began to like school. She learned new words, a new language. Life took on new meaning.

When the first summer vacation came she returned to the hogan and to herding sheep, a responsibility often given to children in those days. But, somehow, herding sheep was different now. It did not satisfy her. She kept thinking of school, of the many things she had learned there. That fall she returned to Fort Defiance and was happy again with the challenge of her classes and life at the boarding school.

Chabah was temporarily out of school and living at Wheatfields when the great influenza epidemic of 1918 struck. The wife of her oldest brother had a niece in school in Chinle who was ill with the disease. The brother and his wife took Chabah with them to act as interpreter while they traded mutton for corn at the trading post and got the sick child. Although Chabah rode horseback, rather than in the wagon with the others, both she and her brother contracted influenza after they returned to the brother's home at Wheatfield Lake.

When their father learned of their illness, he came and took Chabah and the brother to his home near Wheatfield Mountain some four miles east of the lake. Although not a medicine man, he had a thorough knowledge of

native herbs. He prepared a bitter herb tea for the two patients. They had a good night's sleep. The next day Chabah was herding sheep as though nothing had happened, and her brother went back to his home at the lake.

She returned to school at Fort Defiance the following year — 1919 — on September 1.

Chabah already had made up her mind to attend an off-reservation school if it were humanly possible; and she had told a brother that she wanted to do it as soon as an opportunity came along. Soon after she had returned to Fort Defiance the head of the school received a call for girls to enroll in the Albuquerque Indian School. It came from Reuben Perry, superintendent. Chabah and several other girls volunteered. She was anxious to further her education, even though it meant not seeing her relatives for three years, which was the rule at that time.

She was known as Chabah Davis because a missionary, the Rev. Howard Clark had given the name "Roger Davis" to one of her brothers when he first had gone to school at Fort Defiance.

In Albuquerque an especially welcome opportunity came to her. The background had begun at Fort Defiance. As a little girl there she had been fascinated by the piano, and she had learned to make music without help. Then a teacher who knew music and the piano offered to teach Chabah, and the child became her pupil – a very apt and eager one.

She continued to practice in Albuquerque. And she was so interested that she asked to take lessons from a skilled teacher. The request was granted, and the happy girl soon was playing for assemblies, school plays and operettas and at recitals. She also played in the school orchestra; and she and another Navajo girl became popular with their duet recitals on two pianos.

Chabah says that one of the greatest thrills of her life occurred when she and her friend played "Tannhauser" as a duet at one of her recitals, with the orchestra assisting. Her face glows with excitement, even now, as she tells of that inspirational evening.

And, today, as she contemplates life in retirement, one thing that especially pleases her is the knowledge that a beautiful and talented granddaughter, Karen, her son's oldest child, is developing into an excellent pianist. Karen is taking piano lessons, and she also plays the French horn in the high school band, as well as in the tribal band. The grandmother fondly hopes that the obvious talent some day will make the girl a famous musician.

After studying in Albuquerque for about five years, Chabah, the young warrior, became a teacher almost without being conscious of it. Although she had neither a diploma nor a teaching certificate (she was in the tenth grade), she was substitute instructor in music at the high school. Furthermore, when emergencies arose in other classrooms it was the girl from Wheatfields, Arizona, who was sent to teach until the regular instructor returned.

After eight years of such happy success in the Albuquerque school, she was graduated in the spring of 1927 at the age of twenty-one. And she had high hopes of going on to the University of New Mexico.

At home, when she told her father of her hopes and plans, he looked at her in surprise and said, "You already have read twelve books. How many more do you want to read?"

"There is much more to learn," she answered, feeling strongly that she needed – wanted – more education.

But her father refused to give his permission.

When Chabah could not convince her father that she should enroll at the University, she accepted a position at the B.I.A. school in Fort Defiance in the fall of 1927 as matron of the girls' dormitory. She had taken and passed the Civil Service examinations before leaving the Albuquerque Indian School.

She had a great variety of duties, with 100 beginning students under her

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supervision – and one assistant. It was a twenty-four-hour-a-day job because she slept in the dormitory with the children.

Her love for the little boys and girls made it possible to carry the heavy load of work and responsibility. Coupled with the genuine affection were her memories of loneliness during her own first weeks and months at boarding school; and her sympathy for them was deep and understanding. In turn, the little ones looked upon her as a mother away from home, which made it easy for her to work with them.

After she had been employed at Fort Defiance about one year she was married to Joe Watson of Wildcat Spring, New Mexico, but she continued at the school until a son, Joe, Jr., was born in 1931. The superintendent, however, did not forget her good work. At his request, when the boy was three years old, Chabah returned to the school.

Later, in September, 1938, she was transferred to the Crownpoint B.I.A. school as dormitory matron. Then, when World War II came along, Joe entered the Army on July 12, 1941 and, soon afterward, Chabah and their son went to Chinle where they would be near relatives. Immediately she took charge of the girls' dormitory at the B.I.A. boarding school there in an attempt by the administration to restore order. The children – from tots to teen-agers – had become unmanageable. They needed firm, but sympathetic, guidance. And that was exactly what Mrs. Watson brought. She restored order.

In this, as in all of her various positions, Chabah met and overcame many challenges. At the Fort Defiance school, for example, there were epidemics of measles and whooping cough – both at the same time. To help prevent the spread of the disease, she simply put disinfectant in a pan of water. Then, in the absence of trained help, the children who were well waited on those who were ill, and, after doing so, they dipped their hands in the disinfectant. The plan worked surprisingly well.

One of the greatest challenges that Mrs. Watson ever met happened at Chinle. For the rest of the 1944-45 school year she was asked to teach the fifth-grade children, but she hesitated because she had not had experience as a regular full-time teacher.

During their talk, however, the superintendent only smiled and urged her to accept.

"I've been watching you, Chabah, and I know that you have been teaching for a long time," he said.

When he explained what he meant, Chabah realized that, in truth, she had been teaching the dormitory children. Always there was darning and other mending to be done, and the little girls learned while they worked by making games of the tasks. As an example, to encourage a child to use the English language as she got ready for school, Chabah would ask:

"What did you do last night?"

"I took a bath," the child would reply.

"What are you doing now?"

"I am combing my hair."

"What will you do tomorrow?"

"I will comb my hair and go to school."

This particular question-and-answer session was designed to teach the past, present and future tenses of verbs; and the children's use of English improved remarkably under this type of routine.

At the end of her first year of regular teaching Chabah was asked to go to the B.I.A. day school at Piñon and finish the term there. That consisted of the month of June, 1945. Chinle had completed its spring term at the end of May, but the Piñon school had missed many days of classes and had a month to make up. Because the Piñon teacher could not command a good attendance, or even a sufficient enrollment, she had quit at the end of May.

It would be the job of Chabah the "trouble shooter" to put the school back into operation.

She tackled it – a difficult assignment for a young woman who had no formal training in methods and techniques of teaching. But the lady warrior now had a year (1944-45) of practical experience at Chinle, and she had a lot of courage. The children ranged in age from ten to sixteen years, and classes

had to be planned for pupils from beginners through the sixth grade. Chabah met the challenge, and the school was a success.

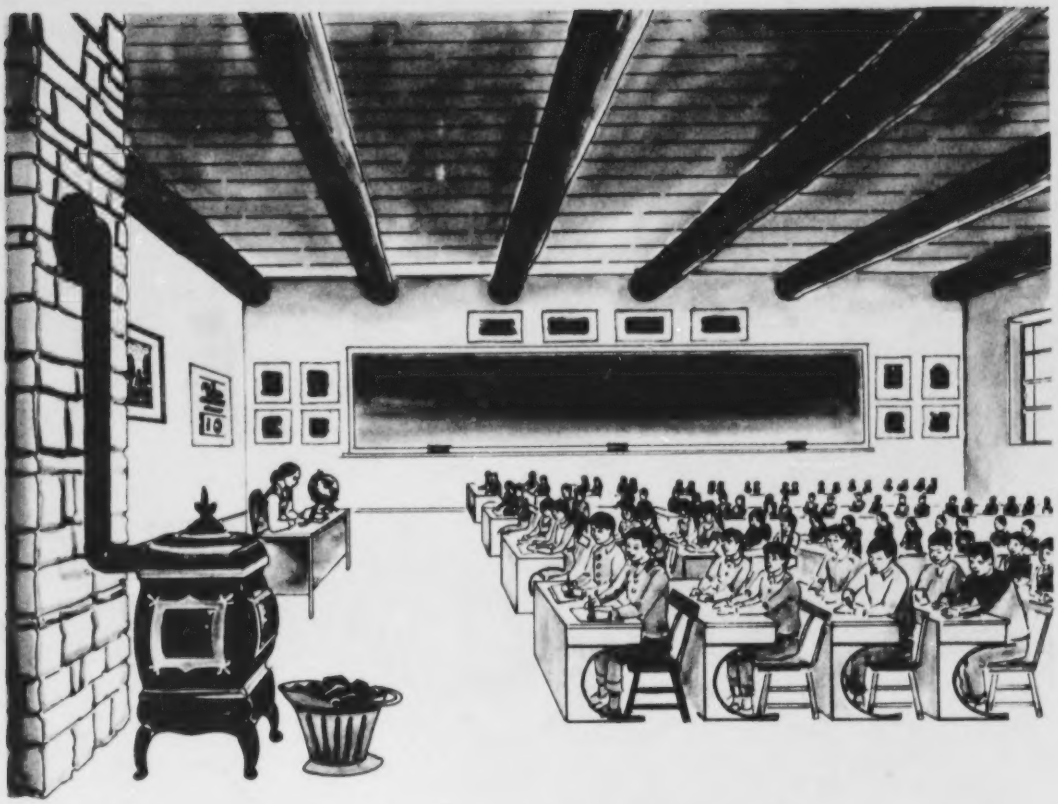
She stayed at Piñon for the 1945-46 terms.

Then, on September 1, 1946, the Watsons moved to the old school at Rough Rock, almost hidden below the northeastern edges of Black Mountain. Here, as at Piñon, the woman teacher had not been able to build a satisfactory enrollment, and she had not gone out among the parents in that thinly populated area to talk and persuade. Some of the food supplied by the B.I.A. for the pupils was spoiling in the storage rooms.

With classes starting on September 28, great problems were faced. The most urgent was the question: Should it continue as a day school or should it become a boarding school? If it were to be the latter, ways and means to make the change would have to be developed. And the decision of the people and the B.I.A. was for a boarding school.

So, boarding and dormitory facilities had to be arranged. To take care of the latter, the Watsons decided that two hogans, which had been used to store

—HOKE DENETSOSIE



—HOKE DENETSOSIE

coal, could be cleaned up and used for sleeping quarters. That was done — one hogan for girls and one for boys. Kitchen and eating facilities were set up in the school building.

Both heating and lighting were primitive in what is now called the "old" school. Kerosene lamps furnished light. Stoves, burning wood and coal, were used for heating and cooking. During the first winter the staff had to chop the wood. Coal was hauled from Chinle, thirty-five miles distant.

Then Joe Watson, who had returned from the Army in 1943, came up with an idea: Why not bring the old lighting plant from Piñon and wire the school for lights? (The plant was not being used at Piñon because it was out of order, and the old building in which it was installed had been condemned.) That would provide better illumination and eliminate the fire hazards of kerosene lamps.

It was done; and, with the cleaned-up hogans for dormitories and with electric lights, the school took on a new look.

To get additional support and improvements, Mrs. Watson went to the people. They listened to her. Thirty-two pupils had been enrolled that first year – a fair number, considering the scattered population. Some of them come from the Many Farms area, as much as twenty miles away.

Now the Rough Rock parents were interested, and the work of educating their children progressed with few obstructions and no major problems. The self-made teacher – arranging class schedules, teaching and administering the school – was on the way to making it successful.

Part of her work consisted of visiting parents in their homes to discover why some children were not attending school, and she learned that the most important reason was that these parents did not like the fact that it still was partially a day school. Although the converted hogan dormitories made it a boarding school of sorts, it did not satisfy them. They wanted a real one.

[It might be noted that at the time this book was being prepared there was considerable sentiment among the Navajos in favor of day schools, but, as Mrs. Watson has said, that concept came much later than during her early years at Rough Rock.]

To make them feel more favorable toward the school, and because she felt that children must not stay out of school for any reason, Mrs. Watson asked the school board to convert an unused classroom into a dormitory. Permission was granted, and it was done.

To Chabah, however, this was not enough, and she looked for additional ways to interest and please the parents. She spent long hours devising and promoting school programs and activities which not only created interest but brought in more pupils.

The result: The people in the huge area of perhaps 800 square miles which made up the community of Rough Rock (with an accessible population of possibly 300 to 400 at that time) soon were asking for a larger and better equipped building to accommodate the increased enrollment.

That new school eventually was opened, but not until the fall of 1966, and then it was the remarkable Rough Rock Demonstration School which is operated by an all-Navajo Board of Education under powers granted by a newly founded private corporation called DINÉ, Inc. The term means Demonstration in Navajo Education, with the acronym signifying "The People." The three directors of DINÉ also are Navajos.

But to return to Mrs. Watson's first years at the old school . . . For three years the staff consisted of just three persons – Chabah, her husband and the matron-cook, a Navajo lady from Piñon who supervised the kitchen. Joe was the janitor. Chabah, who had been principal-teacher while at Piñon, also carried that title during her first 10 years (until 1956) at Rough Rock. Then she became principal.

As the enrollment grew, so did the staff. Prior to the beginning of the fourth year another matron was hired, for a total of four employees; and within a few years, six more persons were added, making ten in all. They were: Mrs. Watson as principal-teacher and then principal (who also taught classes), another regular teacher, a janitor (Joe), the cook, two cook's helpers, and four instructional aides who also helped in the dormitories.

During those years the school plant also was enlarged. In August, 1956, a quonset hut was brought in to serve as a classroom, and three trailer houses were installed as homes. Also, an old Santa Fe Railroad boxcar which had been standing some distance from the school was moved closer and used as a clinic for agency physicians. For several years doctors and nurses made regular visits, seeing adults as well as children. Later the boxcar was abandoned when a modern medical center was established at Chinle.

An important part of the nearby scene throughout the Watsons' tenure at the school – and it still is today – was the Rough Rock Trading Post. When Chabah

and Joe arrived it was managed by Conn Shillingburg. In the spring of 1949 it was sold to Lon and Clarence Wheeler and Clyde Thees; and, as this book is being published, it is managed by Clair Elison. Because the trading post and the school were located close together in a valley at the foot of the mountain, they naturally made up the center of interest and the focus of activities for the Navajos of the vast and sparsely populated area.

Mrs. Watson taught, as principal-teacher, at the old Rough Rock school for ten years and was principal for another decade. The attendance never was less than thirty pupils, even at the beginning, except on one occasion. In 1946 a blizzard piled great drifts of snow in the gulch near the present demonstration school, blocking all travel from the east, northeast and southeast. With Joe Watson driving long and tiring hours, it took a bulldozer two days to break through the mile of drifts so that classes could resume.

As the years passed up to the mid-1950's, attendance gradually grew to an average of sixty-two students. By that time the school plant clearly was inadequate and largely obsolete; and the Bureau of Indian Affairs agreed to build a new school on higher ground about a mile to the east. When it was completed operating plans were changed, and it attained nationwide – even worldwide – recognition as the experimental demonstration school mentioned above. Chabah had set a wonderful precedent in encouraging recognition of the value of education among the people of the community.

During her entire teaching career she had problems, of course – almost constantly. But she always managed to come out on top. An example, which now has a humorous note, occurred in 1945-46 during the year she taught at Piñon, her second year as a teacher. It resulted from the visit of a woman supervisor who had come to study Chabah's work and to report on it.

"She gets along beautifully with the children, and they are progressing satisfactorily," she wrote, "but her bulletin board is appalling."

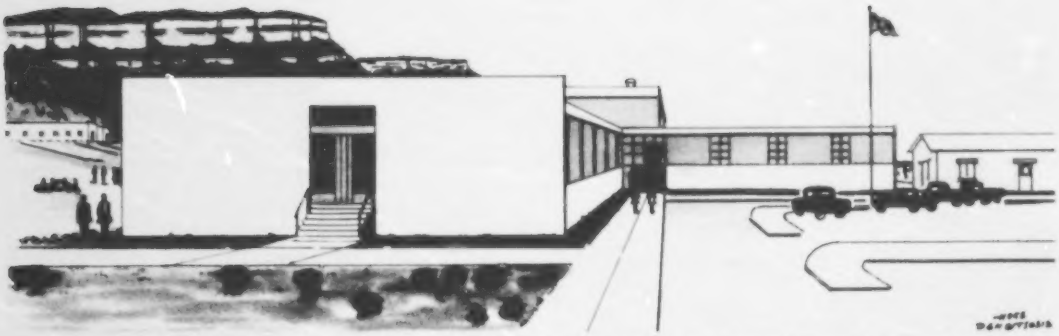
The word "appalling" upset Chabah. Just to be sure of its full meaning she checked it in the dictionary. Her troubled reaction was confirmed. It meant "frightful . . . causing dismay, terror, horror, shock."

She asked herself, "Is the condition of the bulletin board of so great importance?"

This self-made teacher had felt that teaching children was her first consideration. The old "warrior" spirit flared up in her. If a fancy bulletin board, filled with drawings and craft work, was what the supervisor wanted, a fancy bulletin board the school would get.

The next time the supervisor came around there was no comment.

Finally, after her twenty years of teaching and administration at the old school, Mrs. Watson retired from the service of the Bureau of Indian Affairs on June 30, 1966. She was honored with the continuous service award for thirty years of dedicated work for the Navajos. In addition, she received the Special Commendation Medal, now one of her most prized possessions. In reality, she had spent thirty-six years in all as a B.I.A. employee.



But she added another year of teaching before actually retiring. It was at the attractive and modern Rough Rock Demonstration School that she devoted her final year to the teaching profession. And there is no doubt that the school benefited greatly from her ability and many years of experience.

She closed a long and marvelous career on June 30, 1967. Staff members at the school gave her a beautiful silver loving cup which she has placed proudly on the mantel over the fireplace in the living room of her son's home in Window Rock.

Chabah and Joe Watson made room in their hearts and home for five other children whose parents had died. The three nieces and two nephews shared the Watsons' love with Joe, Jr., who later became an assistant to Graham Holmes, Area Director for the Navajo Agency of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, U. S. Department of the Interior. At the time of this writing Joe, Jr. is Tribal Operations Officer, Navajo Area Office, Bureau of Indian Affairs. His responsibility involves coordinating the work of the B.I.A. and the Tribe.

Joe, Jr. is a member of the board of the Window Rock Public School District. He also is a member of the New Mexico Indian Commission; and his name is inscribed in the National Indian Athletic Hall of Fame.

As the gracious Mrs. Watson looks back on her long service to the educational profession, she remembers her father's advice to his children many years ago:

"Each of you has a brain and two hands. I want you all to use them to make something of yourselves."

And as she contemplates her career as a teacher she likes to think of how well the children who left Rough Rock have done in larger off-reservation schools. Many of them not only were successful in attaining higher educational levels but have returned to the Reservation to various positions of significance which contribute in great measure to the development of the Navajo Tribe. Many others have found their places in life off the Reservation.

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Chabah still is interested – and active – in education. As a member of a resource team for kindergarten training, she participates in policy making in her work with an advisory committee. Her purpose, of course, is to encourage and direct Indian involvement. The studies are sponsored by the federal

Chabah Watson and friend Irene Stewart at kindergarten workshop, 1968.

government and the National American Education for Youth Children group. She recently (spring, 1969) made a trip to Washington, D. C. in connection with her work.

Mrs. Watson – Chabah, the Warrior – was a dedicated teacher throughout a working career of difficult assignments. She loves her fellow Navajos. She loves her fellow man in general. She loves children. She enjoyed helping the boys and girls to understand life and the world around them. She glories in the work she has done. And her greatest compensation is knowing that her former pupils are successful men and women, many of them occupying positions of honor and trust.

ANNIE DODGE WAUNEKA

Tsénnjíkiní Clan--House Beneath Cliff People

One of the highly respected and influential members of the Navajo Tribe is Annie Dodge Wauneka, daughter of Henry Chee Dodge. Chee, known as the last chief of the Navajos, was the Tribal Council's first Chairman, serving in that office at different times a total of more than eight years.

Mrs. Wauneka has carried forward the ideals and accomplishments of her father, whom she greatly admired and who trained her well. As a member of the Tribal Council since 1951, and as an extremely successful worker in her chosen fields, she has received numerous high honors and awards while working for, and earning the love of, her people.

Representing the Klagetoh area of District Seventeen, she and her husband, George, live in a comfortable home built of sandstone next door to the school at Klagetoh, about fifteen miles directly south of Ganado. A tall, solidly-built woman of impressive carriage and mien, she commands respect wherever she goes, whether it be to a local chapter house, to the tribal headquarters at Window Rock, to a meeting at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff or to a conference in Washington, D. C.

Annie was born in 1910 in the Sawmill area of the Navajo Reservation in Arizona. As soon as she could walk and run about actively, she did what most of the little Indian girls on the Reservation did—she helped to herd her father's sheep until it was time to start her schooling.

During those early years she learned a deep love and appreciation for Mother Nature and for all living things—as well as for the Rain Gods upon

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whom those things were dependent for moisture. The sheep and goats were her favorite animals, but she also liked her father's horses. Henry Chee Dodge owned large numbers of sheep, goats, cattle and horses.

She began her education at the age of eight when she was enrolled at the Bureau of Indian Affairs Boarding School at Fort Defiance, Arizona. She was the youngest of four Dodge children—two boys and two girls—Thomas, Ben, Mary and Annie. The others, at the time, were attending school off the reservation.

The little girl had some sad and trying experiences during her first years in school. The terrible flu epidemic of World War I killed hundreds of Navajos, and the Fort Defiance school was hit very hard. Some pupils went home and never returned. Annie contracted the disease, but mildly, and she remained at the school.

There, with death rates high, the only nurse was Mrs. Domatilda Showalter, and most of her helpers were seriously ill. In the midst of the trouble and turmoil, Mrs. Showalter taught Annie, a pupil in the first grade, to clean and

service the kerosene lanterns every morning so that they could be lighted at night and placed in the halls and rooms of the hospital.

Mrs. Wauneka says, "Even though I was just a little girl, I did what I could to help in those horrible days." And she adds, "I'll never forget that experience. It remains very clear in my memory, even today."

During those early years, after the cold, hard winters passed and the warm spring weather came, Annie usually had to leave school to help with the lambing. She returned just before the terms ended, which caused the child to miss many weeks of learning.

To complicate even further Annie's early efforts at education, an epidemic of trachoma (contagious granular infection of the eyelids) struck the Fort Defiance school the year she was in the fourth grade. Those who had not been exposed, including Annie, were sent to the St. Michaels Catholic Mission—about ten miles away—until it was safe for them to return. The school then was made, she says, into an official trachoma treatment center.

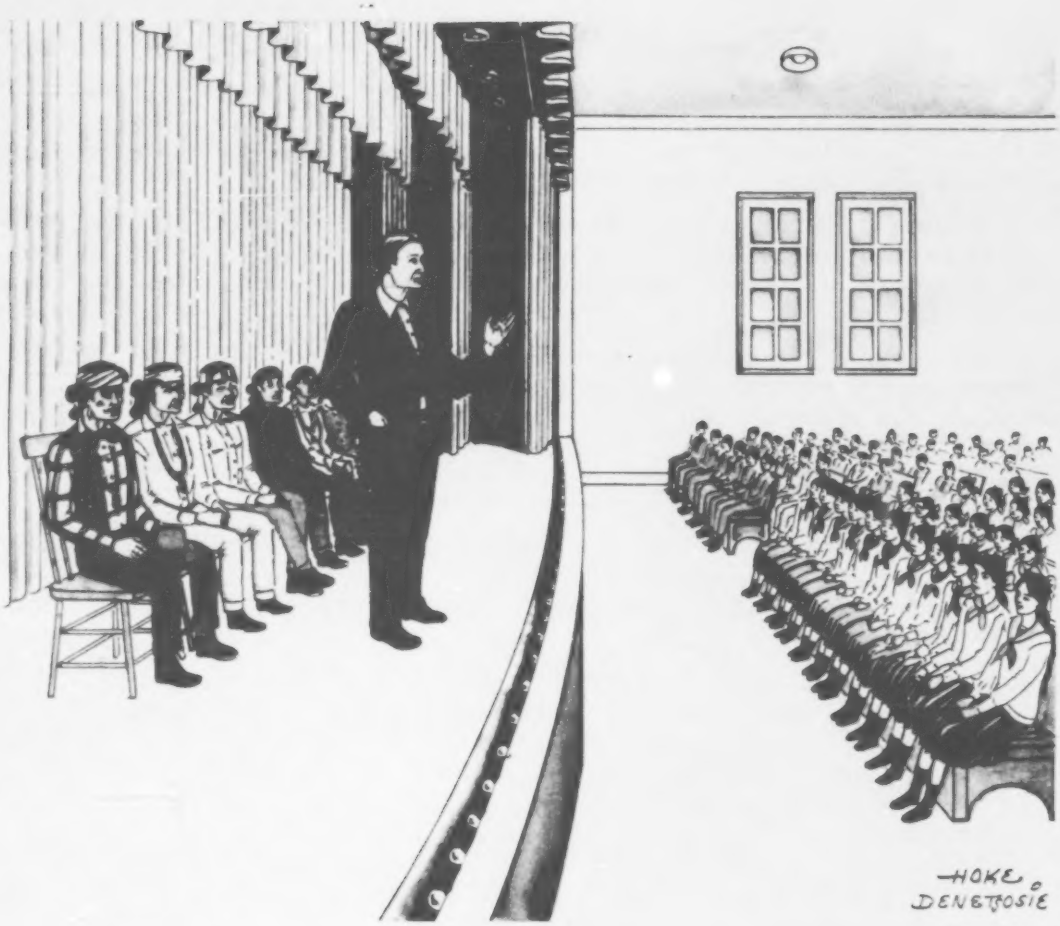
A year later, after she had completed the fifth grade, her father sent Annie to join two older children who were attending the Albuquerque Indian School. Chee Dodge wanted them to be together, knowing that the others would take care of the child.

Misfortune—or perhaps adventure—followed her. The train carrying Navajo children from Gallup, New Mexico, stopped at Laguna, New Mexico, to pick up Pueblo Indian children. It was Annie's first train ride. While the train waited for the Pueblos to get on, another train, which was running late, rammed into the rear of the children's train. The boys and girls, most of them badly shaken, were taken off and told to wait under nearby trees. No one was killed or seriously injured. Darkness fell, and Annie, thinking that the world was indeed a strange and sad place, sat close to the piled-up luggage all night with nothing to eat. Finally, as dawn came, the tracks were cleared and another train took the children to Albuquerque.

When spring arrived that year, Annie, now far away from home, was not called upon to take care of the lambs. But she often thought about them and wished that she could help.

This big school, run by the Bureau of Indian Affairs in a large city, was very different from what she had known at Fort Defiance. The difference was especially true of the children. She soon learned that there were other Indian tribes which she had not even heard about. She had thought that she would meet only Navajo children, but wherever she went, not only did she find other kinds of people, she learned that the different types could not speak nor understand each other's language, which meant that they all had to speak English in order to talk together and to get along in school.

Annie made friends quickly, her closest chums throughout her years in Albuquerque being Pueblo girls. And she learned English easily. She tried various athletic activities including basketball, but the only one in which she really succeeded was tennis.



In 1923, when Annie was thirteen years old, her father was selected as first Chairman of the newly organized Navajo Tribal Council. In fulfilling the duties of that new office, Chee Dodge was very active from the beginning. Early in his term, he took other Navajo leaders with him and visited the Albuquerque Indian School. With Annie in the audience, they talked to the students, stressing the need for education and how it would help the Indians. The little daughter listened to her father very carefully, and, since then, she has been a strong champion of education and its special importance to the Navajos.

Annie continued in school until 1928. Then, completion of the eleventh grade ended her formal schooling—but not her education. She always has had a great desire to learn, and her education has continued throughout her life. Much of it came from her father.

Back home, the eighteen-year-old young lady picked up the chores that she had left when she went to Albuquerque. Mostly, she tended the livestock, spending much of her time herding the sheep and goats. She says, "That is why I was called the family herder."

Her father had two big ranches—one at Sonsela, near Crystal, New Mexico, and the other at Tanner Springs, Arizona, south of Klagetoh.

In October, 1929, Annie was married to George Wauneka. The next year Chee Dodge relocated the young couple from Sonsela to the Tanner Springs ranch where he had his cattle. So Annie and her husband took on the job of being her father's "cattlemen." It was another new environment for her, this time, as she says, "with no mountains." She had to make new friendships with the Navajos in that area. In addition, she and George had to meet the problems of successful ranching.

Chee Dodge served from 1923 to 1928 as Chairman of the Tribal Council, when it consisted of twelve members and was known as the Business Council, and again from 1944 to 1947, when he died in office on January 7. Annie, working closely with him, learned much from her father. She also began to understand the poverty and other problems of her people; and, especially in those early years, she witnessed the bitterness caused by the stock reduction program of the 1930's. She now thinks of it as "the most delicate and most disastrous situation that the Navajo leaders and people have faced since the Long Walk and virtual imprisonment at Bosque Redondo (Fort Sumner) in New Mexico."

Annie often heard her father discuss and argue the reasons for and against the program—always "wisely and intelligently and always on behalf of his people." She attended many meetings where the Chairman made speeches about the Navajos' problems and about possible solutions. She noticed that his talks often began with comments about the hardships endured during the captivity and that he almost always referred to suffering and poverty caused by lack of education. She noticed, also, that he tried his best to tell the people that education was—and is—the key to their future.

While accompanying her father she was shy at first. But he was determined and insistent that she, too, should be a voice for the Navajos, and soon she was doing a good job. He told her to respect her elders and the memory of the old Navajos who had gone before. He said, "If it were not for them and their bravery and fortitude, you would not be here."

He told her that she should not be afraid to interpret for the people when they were in contact with non-Navajos. He was very strict with her, insisting that she help her people by thinking harder about the exact meanings of words and expressions so that she could give true meanings to non-Navajos and to Navajos.

She watched her father's leadership, and she studied his methods of interpreting for the Tribal Council. She knew that he had been one of the first interpreters between the Anglos and the Navajos, and she saw how his deep understanding was paying off in his work with the council and in efforts by him and other leaders to solve tribal problems.

Annie often would attend council sessions with Chee. Afterward, at home, he would discuss carefully with her the proceedings that had taken place and the arguments that had been made.

Gradually she learned to understand how one works for an ideal. She learned about politics. She was trusted by her father in her work with the people and in the way she and her husband managed the livestock and property at Tanner Springs. Her behavior and sound common sense encouraged him to give her more responsibilities in all of their projects and endeavors.

Annie always had been close to her father, but during his years as Chairman she became even closer, especially during the final days of his illness. One of his last pieces of advice to Annie and the other three children was: "Do not let my straight rope fall to the ground. If you discover it dropping, quickly one of you pick it up and hold it aloft and straight."

At first, the statement puzzled Annie, but soon she interpreted it to mean simply: "Do not allow my ideals and leadership to suffer or fall to the ground."

Since her father's passing in 1947, Mrs. Wauneka has done her best to follow his example and his wishes; and she decided how she could handle the rope so that, as she says, it "will remain straight away from the ground." Over the years she has learned that one failure—or even a half-dozen failures—should not be the end of trying. She knows that she always must try again. And she has the spirit to do just that.

Shortly after Chee Dodge died Annie geared herself to work for the chapter, to help at chapter meetings and to act as interpreter when needed. Soon she was elected secretary and interpreter for the chapter, one of her tasks being to interpret for her people in the hospitals. Rapidly she proved her leadership abilities. Then, early in 1951, only four years after her father's death, she was elected to the Tribal Council—winning over two men. She took her seat that year.

Mrs. Wauneka was the first woman member of the council, representing, in District Seventeen, the Klagetoh and Wide Ruins precincts.

She and her husband by this time were the sole owners of the Dodge estate at Tanner Springs. Today they are considered to be wealthy ranchers. In the election in the fall of 1954 they both—husband and wife—were candidates for the seat on the council. The wife won, and Annie has served ever since. As this is being written she is in her fifth term and nineteenth year.

Most women are naturally concerned with home and health, and Mrs. Wauneka had a strong interest in these phases of life. Appropriately, in 1951, very soon after taking office, she was appointed as chairman of the Tribal Council's Health and Welfare Committee. Immediately she became more active than ever in her work for the Navajos.

Then, in 1956, the surgeon general of the United States organized the Advisory Committee on Indian Health. He invited Mrs. Wauneka to become a member.

For many years tuberculosis had been an ever-increasing menace to the health of the Navajo people. Statistics showed that deaths from that infectious disease were becoming more and more common. It is no wonder, therefore, that Annie concentrated her intelligence and her energies in fighting it.

If she is called a crusader, it originally was because of her determined battle against tuberculosis. She became known throughout the length and breadth of the United States for her work.

The Western Tuberculosis Association held its annual conference in Las Vegas in September, 1962, and this Navajo wife and mother was the guest of honor. A plaque was presented to her in recognition of her efforts to free her people from the illness.

She was not content to rest, however, after being so honored. She felt that her job was only begun. She went out among the people and observed and asked questions and sought solutions. She kept a check on persons who supposedly had been cured.

She found many cases that no longer were infectious—had been arrested. She also found that those people had returned home to the same living conditions. She reasoned that the conditions—among them poor nutrition and lack of adequate sanitation—contributed heavily to contracting and maintaining the disease.

She taught and encouraged better health habits. She advised the people to improve their home conditions. Only by doing those things, she explained, could they expect to stay well. Then she set about getting money through the Tribal Council to make home improvements.

Little change could be expected immediately. But she hoped that she could convince the patients and the Tribe in general that dirt floors should be a thing of the past. She made it plain that sanitation could be improved by building toilets a sensible distance from the hogans. Also, she taught that improvement of the water supply was necessary to good health and that, whenever possible, the people should have running water in their homes.

Annie knew, because she had done it herself, that most Navajo families had to haul their water a mile, or much farther, in large metal drums. She knew that many must continue to do it, that the water is not always of the best quality and that impurities may worsen it before it is used. Annie knew that it would be difficult to improve the situation because of the scarcity of water sources. This was true in spite of the fact that much of the illness of her people could be traced to the water supply.

The water problem became one of her main concerns in council activity as well as in campaigning. And one important step soon was gained. The President of the United States signed a bill which authorized the U. S. Public Health Service to construct, improve and extend sanitary facilities for the Indians.

Later, money was provided from tribal funds for Navajo families which wanted to follow the "off-the-dirt-floor" health provision.

As a result of this and other recent legislation and financial help, many new homes have been built on the reservation. They are neat, compact houses, usually with bright roofs and wooden floors. Small outhouses are noticeable at proper distances from the homes. Frequently, a hogan stands nearby, sometimes occupied by one or more elderly members of the kinship group who prefer to live there, and sometimes used for ceremonial purposes. Many Navajos do not want to forget their past.

The health campaigns pressed by Mrs. Wauneka have produced results. Not in most of the past hundred years has there been as much improvement in general health conditions of the Navajo Tribe as has occurred within the last ten or fifteen years, according to a former director of field services for the Navajos.

Among the honors that have come to Mrs. Wauneka are these:

In 1958 she was selected by the Arizona Women's Press Club as Arizona

Woman of Achievement for the year. For her accomplishments she also received the Josephine B. Hughes Memorial Award for promoting the health and welfare of her people and of the country as a whole.

Another award that year, citing her for meritorious service to others, was given by the All-Arizona All-Indian Basketball organization.

In September, 1959, she was presented the Annual Indian Achievement Award, a handsome silver medal. It was given at the yearly meeting of the Indian Council Fire, a national organization with headquarters in Chicago.

Dr. James R. Shaw, when he was chief of the U. S. Public Health Service, Division of Indian Health, praised Mrs. Wauneka as the nation's most outstanding Indian in the field of Indian health. He said, "No one individual has done more than Mrs. Wauneka to foster a wider understanding of health among the Indian people. No one has encouraged them more to take an active part in the health services."

Recent reports of the U. S. Public Health Service indicate that the death rate of Navajo infants has declined more than twenty-five per cent in recent years, and the rate of tuberculosis infection has declined thirty-five per cent. The life span of Navajos has increased, too, according to Mrs. Wauneka.

In 1960 a new seventy-five-bed hospital was dedicated at Shiprock, New Mexico, and Annie was an honored guest at the ceremony. Other hospitals had been completed or were planned, and now the Navajo people find it convenient to be treated in hospitals for all ailments. They are taking advantage of the facilities – and of Annie Wauneka's advice.

For about two years in 1960-61 the Navajo Councilwoman had a radio program—in Navajo—that reached out to radio-listening but non-reading members

of the tribe. She was not afraid to express her opinions, no matter how unpopular they might be or what her public thought. She discussed health matters, she advised mothers and she campaigned for a sensible approach to the problem of alcohol and the Indian.

She brought her listeners stories of the many automobile accidents caused by heavy drinking, by both Indians and Anglos. She told of the hundreds of arrests in towns bordering the reservation. She pointed out the poverty and suffering in some Navajo families caused by the drinking habits of the fathers—and sometimes of the mothers as well. She emphasized that money was going to liquor dealers and to city courts when it should have been spent in improving home conditions and making them more pleasant.

Among her other activities, Mrs. Wauneka long argued in favor of better cooperation between medicine men and U. S. Public Health Service physicians. She talked with medicine men about life-saving modern medicines and methods, and, in many instances the intelligent healers, themselves interested in the health of their people, listened and took advantage of what they had learned. In turn, many physicians listened seriously to Annie's plea that they understand and appreciate the significance of the medicine men in the lives of the Navajos.

The infant death rate was another matter that caused her great concern. Many babies, who apparently were healthy at birth, died within a short time of diarrhea and dysentery. This was particularly true where births occurred in the hogans. The babies' chances of living were much greater when they were born in hospitals where instructions were given for later care.

Another problem was the lack of proper clothing for the newborn infants. According to Annie, the custom long had been to delay getting clothes for a child until after it was born. This, as far as she knows, was just a tradition. Often, however, a baby merely was wrapped in a strip of blanket, and it was likely to contract pneumonia.

Mrs. Wauneka knew that the mothers were deeply concerned but that they did not know what to do. Then she decided to try to get money for "layettes" through the Tribal Council. Her plan permitted mothers to go to the hospitals to deliver their babies, knowing that there would be clothes for the little ones before they went home. Her plan was adopted.

Only a woman of good health and abundant energy could stand up under the load which Mrs. Wauneka has carried and still carries so capably. Her numerous activities have included service on the New Mexico Governor's Committee on the Aging, to which she was appointed in 1960, as well as on various health committees to which she has devoted much of her time and continues to do so. In addition, scarcely a week passes that she is not a speaker at some meeting.

She went to Alaska in 1960 on a combined business and pleasure trip. The business was an Advisory Committee meeting on Indian health problems. It was her first trip so far away from home. She is an old-timer, however, when it comes to journeys to the nation's capital.

She was one of a group of forty-five Navajos who went to Washington, D. C. in 1961. They testified for the Tribe on a claim against the government, stating positively before the Indian Claims Commission that the government had wrongfully taken several million acres of land from them between 1848 and 1868.

Several of the Indians in the group were more than eighty years old. Some never had been off the Navajo Reservation. It was a journey of excitement and exploration to them. To Annie, though, it was just another trip. She had made—and still makes—many such visits to Washington in behalf of her people. Often she asks for appropriations of money. She has made powerful speeches in efforts to convince senators, congressmen and the Bureau of Indian Affairs that every penny requested is needed urgently.

Three of her pet projects have developed successfully because of her hard work. They are: continued appropriations for infant layettes, home improvements and eye-ear-dental care.

And Mrs. Wauneka continues to work for her people, and the joy of working and of success has been a satisfactory reward. But one honor and reward topped all others. It was the Presidential Medal of Freedom Award. President John F. Kennedy sent her the news by telegram in the fall of 1963, and the presentation was made by President Lyndon B. Johnson on December 6, after President Kennedy's untimely death. She is one of twenty-one Americans who have received the honor; and she is the first Indian of the southwest to be so honored.

The Presidential Medal of Freedom Award is the highest civil honor presented to individuals in peacetime. Only men and women who have made outstanding contributions to the security of the nation, to world peace or to cultural endeavor are considered.

Annie's interest in the education of her people is second only to her concern for their health. She tells her audiences that education is the key to the Navajos' future. She explains that their success in this ever-changing world will depend on the kind and amount of education they get. And she points out that the road is not easy.

She understands the problems of the first days at school. She went through the experiences herself, away from the closeness and protection of her parents. She did not, however, have the language barrier that troubles so many Navajo children.

She is convinced that the full cooperation of the parents is necessary to the children's happiness and welfare in school, and she argues in favor of a system that will enable the pupils to remain close to their parents and which will permit

Annie Wauneka receives Medal of Freedom from President Johnson.

the parents to have close connections with the schools. The parents and the school staffs are responsible, she says, for helping the children adjust to their new environment.

Her interest and labors in behalf of the education of Navajo children has been of immense value, as was shown by the plaque she received at a meeting of the Northwest District Educational Association. Engraved on the plaque is: "We honor Mrs. Wauneka, our friend in education."

On one occasion, when she spoke to the faculty of the Chinle, Arizona, public schools, she said:

> "Nothing is wrong with the Navajos except the lack of education. In fact, we are a half century behind the rest of the country. We should like to keep our children near us, not miles away at school where we cannot supervise them. But this is the way it has to be at present. Education will be the answer to our problems. But it will take time."

Now—1969—a grandmother six times and in her late fifties, she could, if she chose, exchange her strenuous program for a quiet existence. However, although she has had an extremely active life and has reared nine children (four girls and five boys), she has no intention of retiring. Her people, the Navajos, still need her help. The reason is not entirely financial, she says, adding that they need to see the great advantages of education—that they need to know more about health rules and practices—that they need to know how to adjust to the rapid changes of the times, and she knows that these changes may not always be welcome.

At present, one of her important tasks is working with other members

of the Advisory Committee of the Navajo Tribal Council. The principal business of the committee is to review and recommend to the council matters that should be brought up in council meetings. The committee also acts independently of the council in certain matters, so that the best interests of the Tribe may be served.

As an example of the high regard in which she is held, when the Subcommittee on Indian Education of the U. S. Senate held public hearings at Flagstaff, Arizona, on April 6, 1968, Mrs. Wauneka appeared as an unscheduled witness at the specific request of former Senator Robert F. Kennedy, chairman.

When Senator Kennedy asked her what she thought was the single biggest problem in Indian education, she spoke in her frank, to-the-point manner. She said that she felt that the Bureau of Indian Affairs prevented Indians from becoming sufficiently involved in their own education and that the bureau kept schools from being Indian community centers. Further, she expressed the opinion that the Civil-Service-protected officials of the B.I.A. do not serve the best interests of tribal members.

She also condemned the B.I.A. for not allowing the Indian people an adequate voice in the location of schools. Schools on the reservation are built "to keep Congress happy," she told the committee.

Mrs. Wauneka added that a demonstration school on the reservation, such as the one located at Rough Rock, is a step in the right direction. But she said that the terms of the funding and existence of such schools should be lengthened.

A final word about this esteemed member of the Navajo Tribe:

When Mrs. Wauneka walks onto a stage—stately, poised, completely in command of herself—she captivates her audience. At first glance the people see a picture of beautiful turquoise and silver jewelry and a colorful costume of plush and satin, topped by a face of rare intelligence. The impression deepens to one of respect and admiration as she begins to speak. She leaves no doubt about her feelings. She loves her people and is truly dedicated to the task of helping them become the leaders she knows they can be.

That is Annie Dodge Wauneka!

DR. TAYLOR McKENZIE

Kinlichii'nii Clan--Red House People

Taylor McKenzie holds a unique spot in the story of the Navajos – he is the first member of the tribe ever to become a doctor of medicine.

As this sketch was being prepared for publication,* Dr. McKenzie was chief of surgery at the United States Public Health Service Hospital at Shiprock, New Mexico. It is a fine modern hospital of 75 beds; and the Navajo surgeon is highly regarded.**

In recent decades many young Navajo men and women have realized the immediate potential values of getting a good education — of knowing what they want to do, and to be in life. Some of them, like young people in most parts of the world, have undergone hardships and have overcome great difficulties to reach their goals. Others, like people everywhere, because of a multitude of reasons, have been unable, or unwilling, to summon the necessary faith, courage and endurance.

Young Taylor McKenzie was the first Navajo who had the desire and determination — and, in a most trying way, the opportunity — to face the

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*Summer of 1969.

**A later development indicated that Dr. McKenzie soon would become chief surgeon and medical director of the large Sage Memorial Hospital which has been operated by the Presbyterian Church at Ganado, on the Reservation, for many years as part of the denomination's Ganado Indian Mission. The plan, under which Dr. McKenzie would move to Ganado, called for Project Hope to take over the hospital for five years and to provide intensive teaching and service to enable the Navajos themselves to administer and utilize the hospital at the end of that time. Project Hope's proposal will apply to the health needs of America's own minority groups and needy people the experience gained overseas since 1958 by the $15 million hospital ship "Hope." The goal is for the hospital eventually to be operated entirely by Navajos – management, paramedical and medical services. Some of the Indian Americans trained there will go to college and medical school. Project Hope proposed (summer of 1969) to have a staff of sixty persons and an annual budget of $600,000.

long and hard years of special training to become a physician and surgeon. When he made his decision to try, he had no money and practically no idea where he might get some. And he was concerned about being accepted by his people when he returned — if he succeeded. Odds against him were high. He knew that. But he also knew that the odds against success of any kind were even higher if he stayed on the Reservation.

Dr. McKenzie was born February 28, 1931, in the hospital at Rehoboth, New Mexico. No copy of a birth certificate is available, but his mother, Emma Thilchee, later McKenzie, has verified the date and place. His father died while Taylor was an infant. He is of the Redhouse Clan (Kinlichíi'nii).

His people lived in Red Rock, Arizona, at the time, but Taylor's childhood memories began at Rattlesnake, New Mexico, a few miles west of Shiprock. His first recollections are of his maternal grandmother and life at their sheep camp.

The grandmother was known as Asdzaa Thilchee, or, more accurately, Asdzáá Thiilchíí'. This means "Lady with the Red Hair." She played a very important role in the boy's life. He spent all of his preschool years under her care, and she was the only grandparent he knew. The others had died before he could know them. The sheep belonged to the grandmother and her sons and daughters.

The boy lived as other Navajo children lived during those times; and they were hard times. He had regular chores to do, such as caring for the sheep, carrying water, chopping wood and generally helping around the hogan.

He and his grandmother were alone most of the time. They took turns herding the sheep. This meant that one stayed at the hogan to do the household work, while the other cared for the flock.

His job, when he remained at home, was to wash the morning dishes, clean the hogan, chop firewood, refill the water cans and prepare the evening meal. Usually he had to walk two miles – each way – for water. And chopping the old hard wood was a big job for such a little fellow. It was twice as hard during the cold winters.

His grandmother seemed to expect perfection from him. He says that she criticized him almost every day. The flatbread and tortillas were too hard. The fried bread was too sticky. The coffee was either too weak or too strong. It is no wonder that he preferred herding the sheep. But he loved his grandmother, and she loved him.

Now that he is a successful surgeon, he says that her being strict helped to give him the discipline and determination to reach his goal. He adds, "My grandmother was a midwife and a skilled herbalist. It has been said that her abilities and concern with health were transferred from her to me. In any case, I owe her much."

His mother, in the meantime, was working as a housemaid in Shiprock or Rattlesnake. The latter place was the scene of an oil camp. Her work was

necessary to help keep him and his grandmother supplied with food and clothing.

On his mother's payday, Taylor and his grandmother would walk a total of fourteen miles to and from Shiprock to get groceries. A ten-dollar load was heavy on the return trip in those depression days. The lad was still small, but he carried his share.

He recalls that during those years piñon-picking time was a particularly happy occasion. It was a period when the extended family and other Navajos got together for many days at a time to harvest the tasty nuts. The children, of course, could not be left at home alone. So they were taken along, and the duties of the camp, and the trips into the forests, were turned into games of fun.

Then, in the late 1930's, his mother married Edwin McKenzie. Shortly afterward, Taylor was enrolled in the Navajo Methodist Mission School in Farmington, New Mexico. This, he has said, was the most important event in his life — the first step in realizing his fondest dreams.

His stepfather understood the value of an education. He told Taylor that he had wanted an education so much that he had run away from home. He had begun his studies in Shiprock and later had transferred to Sherman Institute at Riverside, California. After graduation he returned to Shiprock where, for a number of years, he worked for the Christian Reformed Church.

Taylor learned from his stepfather that words of reproach hurt more than the paddle. Mr. McKenzie disciplined through the spoken word; so Taylor received the paddle only once or twice. His respect for his stepfather was shown in many ways, and he did not hesitate to take the man's name. He would have been happy to have taken his clanship if that had been possible. But it could not be done.

Because no kindergarten was connected with the school, Taylor was enrolled in the first grade in September, 1938. He was almost seven years old. He learned very quickly and easily, however, and made a B average throughout grade school.

Taylor knew many Navajo songs, which he sang while herding the sheep, first, as a small boy before entering school and, later, during the long summer vacations. Some were traditional. But many of them he made up himself. He invented them because he got tired of singing the old ones over and over. Also, he frequently sang to ease his fear of the coyote. He made all kinds of plans to deal with the animal should one come to bother his sheep. But there was a weakness in every plan. Only his singing seemed to be satisfactory. The noise, he felt, gave the sheep courage.

Dr. McKenzie says that there was nothing unusual about his twelve years at the mission school, which maintained high standards in all departments. No

one was pampered. No one was unduly disciplined. Good work was expected and required. His teachers were dedicated to the task of giving knowledge to the young and receptive minds of their Indian students. Consequently, the children in their classrooms were kept alert, and attention was demanded. They were taught to think.

Student activities were like those in most schools, and preparation was similar. Taking part was a means of gaining experience and self-confidence, preparing the boys and girls for life beyond the twelfth grade. And Taylor — with a clear goal of further education – was a good participant in class and was very active in extra-curricular activities.

The mission produced most of its food, and Taylor did his share of the farm work. He also labored in the laundry, washing and ironing. It was there that the importance of cleanliness was impressed upon him. He kept his room clean. He kept his body clean. He also shared in keeping the grounds tidy.

Group cooperation was emphasized at the mission through numerous class and school activities and sports. And Taylor McKenzie earned an enviable reputation. He was quarterback on the varsity football squad for two years. He also played varsity basketball for three years, making the all-state team in 195[illegible]

However, he seemed most interested in track, especially distance running. In high school he won the New Mexico State cross-country title in 1950. He also won all the one-mile runs he entered in 1950, but he placed fifth in the state meet.

During the following four years, at Wheaton College, he was involved entirely in distance running, as far as sports were concerned, specializing in the two-mile and cross-country races. His coach was Gil Dodds, who at one time held the world record in the one-mile run.

He had the pleasure of teaming with Leo Denetsone, who had been graduated from the mission school a year ahead of Taylor and who later served for a time as administrative assistant to Raymond Nakai, Chairman of the Navajo

Tribal Council. (As this is being published, Leo is administrative assistant to the director of DNA — Dinebeiina Nahiilna Be Agaditahe, Inc., which means Attorneys Who Contribute to the Economic Revitalization of the People.)

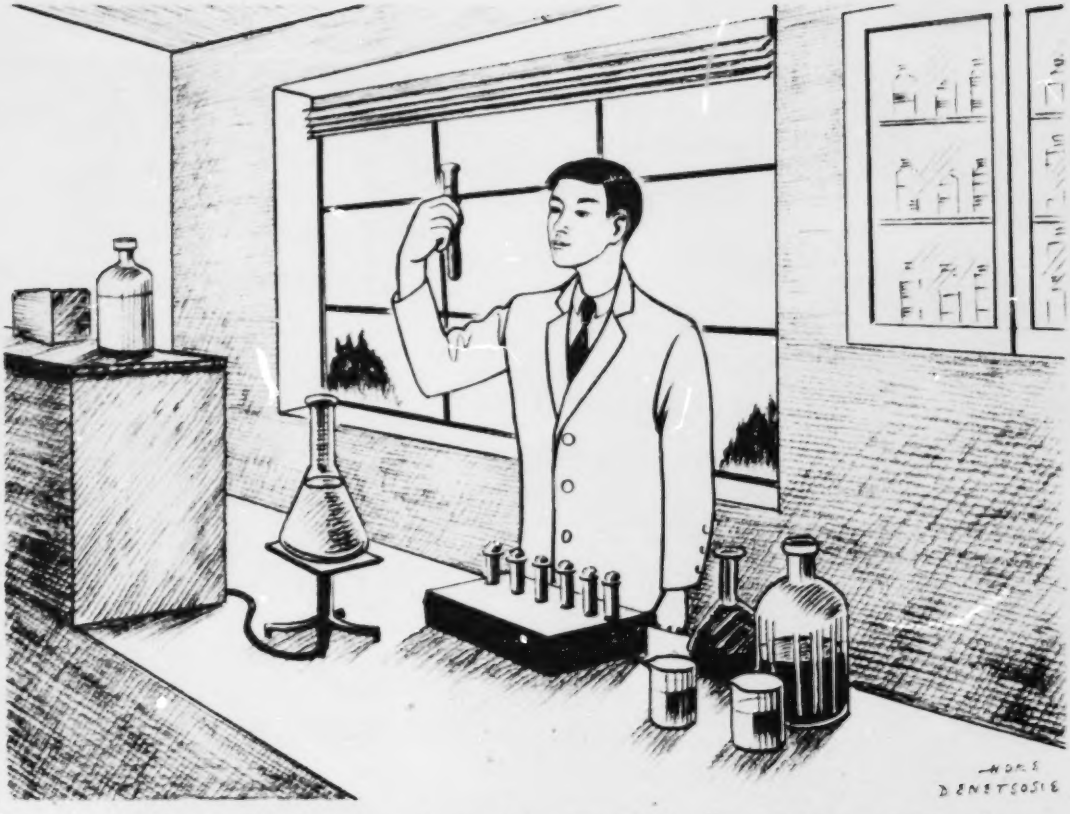
Later, in medical school, Taylor had no time for sports, although he had dreamed of some day running in the Boston Marathon.

Taylor McKenzie received his graduation diploma from the mission high school on May 18, 1950. His average grade was B plus.

According to the 1950 yearbook, *Mission Magnet,* his nickname was "Oily"; his weakness, apples; his favorite subject, mathematics; his favorite sport, track; his pet peeve, an empty mailbox, and his aim – the study of medicine.

His favorite Bible verse was: "I can do all things through Christ, who strengthened me." (Philippians 4:13).

A person who worked at the time in the superintendent's office and who knew the boy well, recently said of Dr. McKenzie:



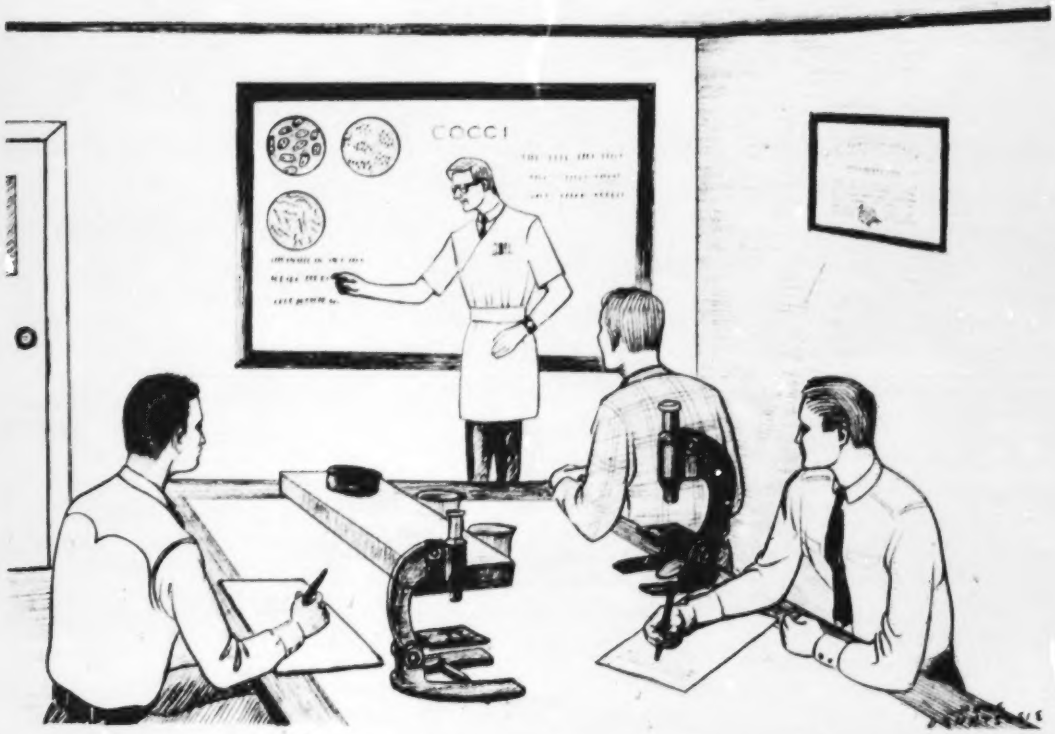
Taylor was a good student and a fine boy. He worked at the mission several summers to help with his expenses. Later, he had quite a financial struggle to get through college and medical school, but his courage and faith in Christ saw him through. We at the mission are very proud of what he has accomplished, and we feel that he has a wonderful future in working with the Navajo people.

Immediately after graduation from high school, Taylor enrolled at Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois.

It is a privately controlled, coeducational school, with a strong Christian emphasis. It is non-sectarian and is supported by individuals and churches of various evangelical denominations. When Taylor was there, it had schools of liberal arts, sciences, theology and music. It provides employment for a large portion of its students to assist them in completing their education. Taylor was one of those so employed.

He operated the college water softening system, which required time and work every day. In addition, on weekends, he joined a house construction crew as a carpenter.

He majored in chemistry to get the background he wanted. While still in the mission high school, he had decided to become a man of medicine, al-



though he knew that the study would be expensive and would demand all he could give. He knew that it would require years of very hard study and practice to carry him to the top in his chosen field, surgery.

He did not change his mind. That is one reason why he enrolled at Wheaton which had a strong pre-medical department and opportunities to earn expenses.

Taylor and Miss Betty Jean Smith were married just prior to his senior year at Wheaton, where he received the bachelor of science degree in June, 1954. Betty Jean was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Evans Smith of Shipro[illegible]

They had three children by the time he had completed his medical studies and had entered internship at Pontiac, Michigan, in 1958. With that many children, and with an extremely limited budget, Mrs. McKenzie developed into a very efficient manager of household finances. She devotedly stuck with him throughout the years of financial need.

He says, "My wife always has been, and still is, a source of strength and encouragement. Our work, indeed, has been a joint effort."

Soon after graduation from Wheaton, young McKenzie was notified by the Baylor University College of Medicine in Houston, Texas, that he had been accepted as a student. The day before, he had received orders to report

for Army induction. The local draft board in Farmington appealed to the state office in Santa Fe, however. The state board was understanding, and Taylor was allowed to go to medical school.

He realized that he was tackling a very tough assignment at Baylor — that he would have to work harder than ever. And he was right. He had an especially difficult time with finances during his first year; and family illness back on the Reservation added to his worries. Finally, although they hated to do it, he and Betty Jean agreed that she should return to Shiprock to work. She could earn money to buy his books and other necessary items and help pay for his food and lodging. With his heavy schedule of classes, laboratory hours and studying as a medical student, Taylor simply did not have time to earn much money on outside jobs as he had done at Wheaton.

Just prior to his first year of medical school, the Navajo Tribal Scholarship Committee considered Taylor's application for assistance, took a favorable view of him and his situation and gave him a grant. It amounted to $1,200 the first year, which, although not enough, was a real help. Later, the grant was increased to $2,000 annually because the committee recognized the student's family responsibilities as well as the fact that medical school was very expensive.

While he had been at Wheaton there had been no tribal scholarship assistance because such funds did not exist at that time. They had been set up when he was a senior in 1953-1954. However, he had borrowed money from the Navajo Tribal Council, the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the Navajo Methodist Mission. This, with his earnings, carried him through his undergraduate years.

Paul Jones was Chairman of the Tribal Council when the grants were made to McKenzie. The Chairman took a personal interest in the young man and his determination to be a physician and surgeon. As a matter of fact, he planned to attend the graduation ceremonies, but responsibilities on the Reservation prevented his going to Houston.

The Navajo Methodist Mission helped him when he most needed it at Baylor, thus assuring that his medical training could continue uninterrupted. During every summer vacation while he was at Wheaton, he had been employed by the mission on the Reservation. At one time, in the middle of his medical studies, with his problems threatening his academic record, he almost decided to drop out for a year to earn enough money to complete his work. But his many friends helped him to stay in school. Even his grandmother occasionally sent him five dollars from a welfare check.

And, of course, he had continued to work hard at outside jobs during every vacation from classes.

Thus, because Taylor was a good and sincere student, he was able to bring his family to Houston at the beginning of his second year of medical school. His financial worries were eased somewhat. The school's administration always was considerate of his problems, too, and he was graduated in May, 1958 — the first member of the Navajo Tribe to become a doctor of medicine.

The people of Shiprock also were interested in the young Navajo's progress. They had faith in him. And they showed it by conducting a fund-raising drive which enabled his stepfather, two brothers and two sisters to attend the graduation in Houston. His mother was ill and could not make the trip.

Dr. McKenzie entered his internship at Pontiac General Hospital, Pontiac, Michigan, immediately after graduation from medical school.

He had labored for four years in college and for four more in medical school. He had learned from books and professors and physicians. Now, he went to the hospital to study and work and get practical experience with older doctors for at least another year. He was an intern, assisting in operations along with other duties. He made his rounds among the hospital's patients, and he helped take care of emergency cases during the day and at night. Although the pay was small and the work was extremely demanding, he loved his profession. His determination to be a fine physician and surgeon was stronger than ever.

Consequently, he resolved that his internship would not be the end of his preparation. He stayed four more years as a surgery resident; and, during the last year, he was the chief surgery resident. In that capacity he performed operations.

During those final four years he also studied part-time at the University of Michigan Medical School at Ann Arbor, commuting about fifty miles, each way, between Pontiac and the university. Then, he spent still another year as a preceptor of surgery at the Pontiac State Hospital. As a preceptor he performed surgery, but always being observed and supervised by older and experienced practitioners.

He had devoted five years of study and work to hospital residencies. He

Dr. McKenzie sutures injured knee of teenage patient.

had labored for a total of ten years since entering the Baylor University Medical School. And he had dedicated fourteen years of constant hard work, since leaving high school in 1950, to his determination to be a surgeon.

Now, in 1964, with a certificate as a surgeon, he felt that he was ready to practice — to enter his long-dreamed-of medical career.

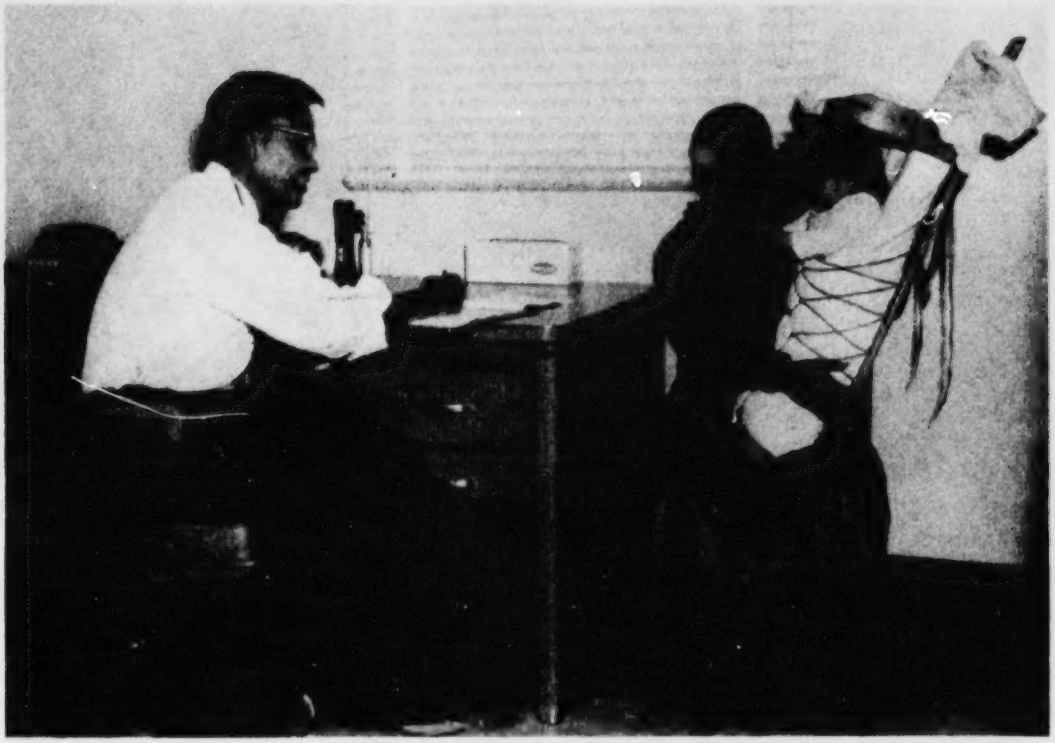
In November of that year he joined the United States Public Health Service so that he could serve the Navajo people. For seven months he was with the Public Health Service Clinic at Kayenta, on the Reservation in northern Arizona. Then he was appointed as surgeon at the P.H.S. Hospital at Shiprock, in the northeastern part of the Reservation in New Mexico.

He has been on duty there since July, 1967.

Immediately after his return to the Reservation he found that his concern about acceptance by his people was groundless. And those people had no worries about Dr. McKenzie. Here was a man who understood their culture and their way of thinking, who spoke their language – even though he had serious problems with that difficult tongue after having been away from it for more than fourteen years.

"I had forgotten much," he says, "so I bought some books about the Navajo language and studied them."

To his people he was a man they really could trust. Other hospital staff members vouched for his popularity. One said, "I don't know whether every Indian who comes here asks for Dr. McKenzie, but all the ones that I see do. Sometimes it's hard to explain to a Navajo that if his problem isn't surgical he must see another doctor. Usually we have to run to find Taylor to have him explain."



Dr. McKenzie helps his people.

In 1969 the McKenzie family included eight children — three girls and five boys. They were born in this order: Michael, fifteen years old in the middle of 1969; Marvin, fourteen; Judith, eleven; Gilbert, ten; Patrick, nine; Claire, seven; Kathleen, six, and Edward, five. With their mother and father they made up a wonderful and happy family.

The doctor's time away from schools and hospitals (although of a very minor nature in point of days or weeks) has been devoted to his wife and their growing children. He enjoys a full week of camping with his family. But he says, "One week of vacation is just right. Two weeks seem to be a bit too long."

His brother, David, who is partially blind, attended elementary and high school at the New Mexico School for the Blind in Alamogordo. Then he was graduated from Wayland College at Plainview, Texas. As this book was being

prepared, he was a Baptist minister on the Navajo Reservation. He was married to Ramona Reid, and they had three fine children. Dr. McKenzie is proud indeed of David and of his dedication to the Navajo people.

A sister, Rose Marie, and her husband, Joe Collier, lived at Kirtland, New Mexico, with their two little daughters.

Another brother, Leonard, worked part-time with the Baptist Church wherever he was needed. He and his wife had a five-months-old son.

Another sister, Helen, now Mrs. Jan Ferrier, made her home in Keego Harbor, Michigan. She and her husband had no children.

* * * * *

When asked about the work of the traditional Navajo medicine man, in the light of his own professional training and career, Dr. McKenzie was thoughtful a few moments. Then he said, "I have great respect for the Navajo medicine man because he is very knowledgeable in practical medicine which we know was developed over the ages and has been handed down from generation to generation.

"Judging from the great number of details that a medicine man must know about ceremonies, herbs, traditions and people, it necessarily takes an intelligent man to become a medicine man. Not only the medicine man, but the average Navajo, knows a great deal about anatomy and some things about physiology. Also, down through the ages, he has acquired a profound knowledge of psychotherapy which he applies in his everyday practice.

"I find it hard to rebuke or reproach a Navajo for not following orders that I prescribe, or for not believing — or even for refuting — my explanation of his particular disease. He has a different idea about the causes of diseases and illness in general, and for him his reasons are valid.

"I find that I must honor his reasons and beliefs without condescension, for here is a man who, had he had the opportunity that was mine, might be a physician himself."

That is the devoted and humble Dr. Taylor McKenzie.

RAYMOND NAKAI

To many earnest and thoughtful members of the great Navajo Nation, the election campaign in 1962 was the harbinger of a new era in Navajo life. In the spirited contest for the office of Tribal Chairman were the incumbent, Paul Jones, representing generally the older generation, and Raymond Nakai, a vigorous forty-four-year-old campaigner representing the younger Navajos.

When the ballots were counted and Nakai was declared the winner, he announced the motto of his coming administration: "Only he who makes his people strong is strong; and only he who rules free men is great."

Raymond Nakai has kept that pledge uppermost in his mind throughout the years of his leadership. His aims were summarized admirably in his inaugural address when he declared.

> "The goal toward which I propose to lead the Navajo people is the goal of all true Americans. It is toward a time when the free development of each individual is the condition for the free development of man. A government which respects the equal dignity of every human being as a child of the same Heavenly Father is a government in which all citizens have the same rights before the law; but, more than that, rights which the law cannot take away."

Raymond Nakai was born in October, 1921, at Lukachukai, Arizona, on the vast reservation which, about the size of West Virgina, extends into three states—Arizona, New Mexico and Utah. He was the fourth of eight children of Mr. and Mrs. John Nakai. He spent his boyhood herding the family sheep on the immense, wind-swept plateaus of northeastern Arizona—a customary task for most Navajo boys and girls of his time.

During those long, lonely days he dreamed of owning his own land and herds of sheep, perhaps of having horses and cattle, of gaining an education and of helping his family and his people achieve a richer life. Although one never knows what a Navajo lad thinks about while he and his faithful dog are watching

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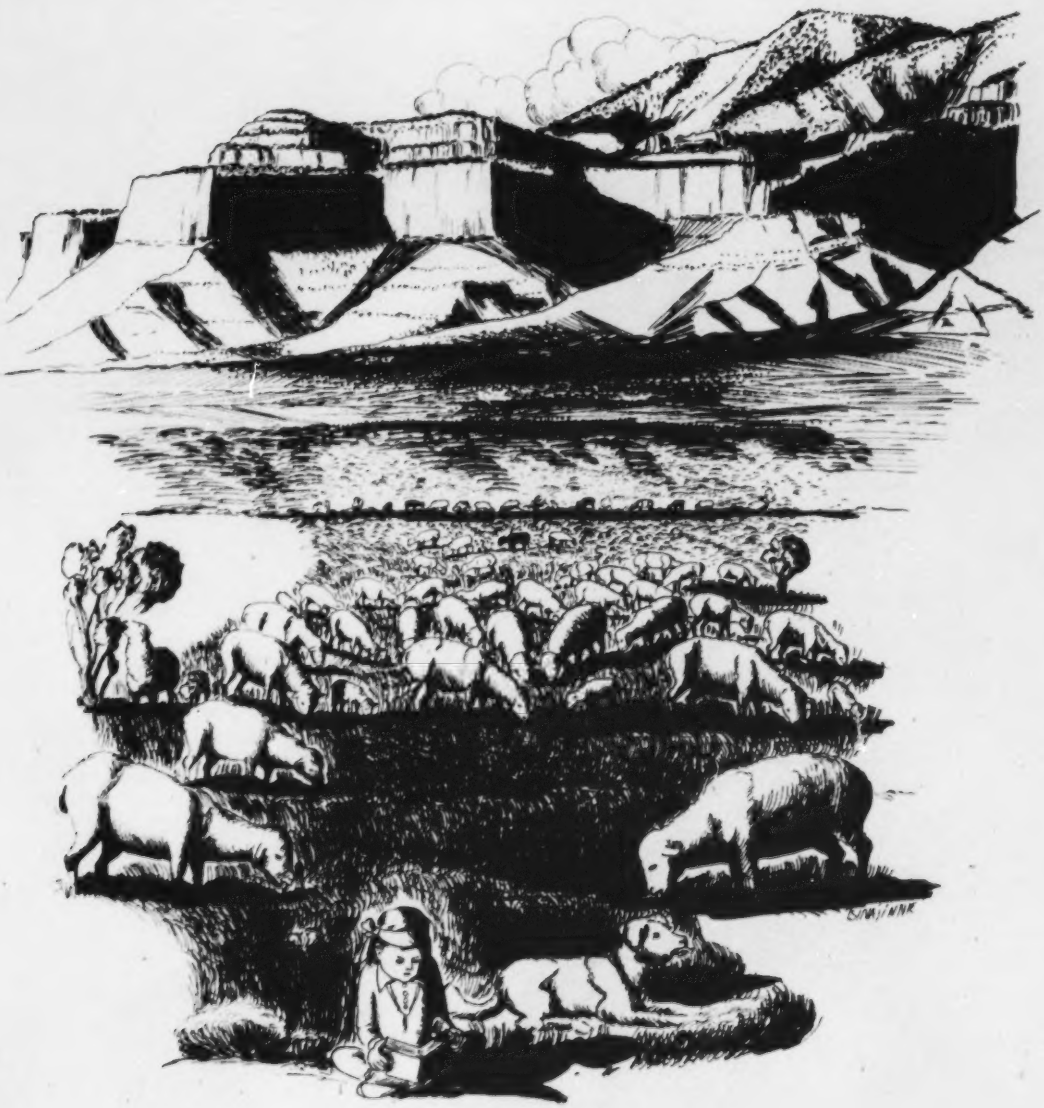

over the herd, it is not likely that Raymond dreamed of guiding millions of federal and tribal dollars into channels that would benefit his people.

But whatever the boy's thoughts, no one accomplishes greatness in the eyes of God and his fellow men without first dreaming; and, having dreamed, set his goal to the accomplishment of those dreams.

At that time many Navajo boys and girls did not start to school at approximately the age of six years, as was customary—or compulsory—among other peoples. Some did not go to school at all. In either case, the main reason was that the children were needed at home to help eke out a living by working at farming and herding chores.

That was why young Raymond Nakai's formal schooling did not start until he was eight years old. He entered the Bureau of Indian Affairs day school at Lukachukai, but he soon transferred to the B.I.A. boarding school at Fort Wingate. There he must have had excellent teachers and proper guidance because he quickly became an avid reader. He read everything he could find. At the age of twelve he was reading and studying carefully the inspiring social encyclicals of the modern popes of the Roman Catholic Church. Thus motivated, it was while a student at the Fort Wingate school that he was baptized into the Catholic Church, receiving the blessing of his first Holy Communion and his confirmation. Religious activities later proved that the youth's response assumed great significance in his adult life.

He moved to the B.I.A. boarding school at Shiprock, New Mexico, for his high school education, earning his diploma in 1942.

Almost immediately after graduation he entered the U.S. Navy for service in World War II. He specialized in radio, but, because of a shortage of personnel in his unit, he also trained to become a clerk. He spent most of three years in the South Pacific arena, taking part in the second sea battle of the Philippines, Guadalcanal, Attu, Makin, Tarawa and other engagements.

Back from the Navy, he was employed by the Navajo Ordinance Depot at Bellemont, Arizona, about twelve miles west of Flagstaff. Promotions came quickly and regularly, until he soon became foreman of a unit at the depot. He continued in that position until 1963, when he was elected Chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council. In addition to the depot job, he has conducted a daily radio program over Station KCLS, Flagstaff, for ten years.

Flagstaff seems to have been a focal point in his early manhood. He visited there, as well as on the Reservation, while on a Navy leave in 1943; and, during the visit, he married Miss Ella Crawford of Flagstaff. They have a wonderful family of five children: Raymond, Jr., twenty-two; Ursula, nearly twenty-one; Michael, nineteen; Richard, seventeen, and Laurinda, sixteen.

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Busy as he has been with his work at the depot, the radio program and the extremely demanding task of being chairman of the Tribal Council, Nakai always has found time for civic, religious and educational service. Among other responsibilities, he is a member of the Higher Education of American Indians Foundation. He is on the Scholarship Committee of Northern Arizona University at Flagstaff. And he was the first chairman of the Navajo Catholic Conference, having been elected to that post in 1961.

He likes to be active—to ride horseback, for example, and to fish; but the demands of his office allow very little time for recreation or quiet meditation. His main hobby is amateur photography, at which he is highly skilled, though he can find little opportunity to pursue it.

Once in a generation, the right man emerges from the masses in a nation to become a leader of its people. Sometimes the man's influence is gained partly through financial wealth. But usually it is attained because of personality, dedication and, above all, natural and learned abilities.

The Navajos have been fortunate in the selection of their leaders. With such men as Henry Chee Dodge, Sam Ahkeah, Henry Taliman, Paul Jones and many other great persons, the welfare of the Navajo people has continued to progress steadily forward. This has been achieved in spite of problems and misunderstandings between them and the United States Government.

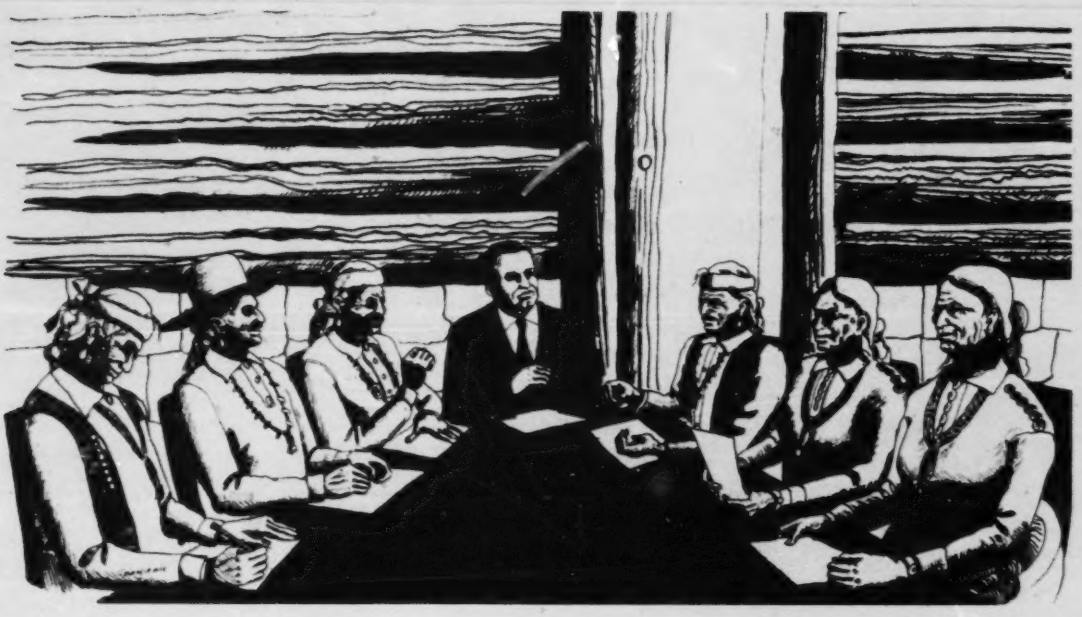
Then, in the 1960's the new Chairman appeared to guide the destinies of the Navajos. Here was a man who never had participated in an official capacity in the affairs of the Tribal Council. But here, also, was a man who unconsciously had qualified himself for leadership. In preparing for the life he wanted for himself, his family and the Navajos, he was preparing to serve others.

The people listened to his speeches and radio programs, and they began to ask, "Who is this man Nakai? What is his clan? Who are his people? Where is he from?"

People talked about him. Friends boosted him. His first appearances as a political speaker chiefly were to let the people know of his possible plans for the future of the Navajo people.

The intense young man, who preached the gospel of Navajo education and preparation for the modern world, began to look ahead—early in the 1950's—to a career of helping his people. In 1954, while Sam Ahkeah and Adolph Maloney still were in office as Tribal Chairman and Vice Chairman, respectively, Nakai decided to run for the chairmanship of the Council for the first time. Paul Jones asked him to defer his bid temporarily because there were too many candidates and potential candidates, and Jones feared the confusion that might result. Nakai agreed. But in 1958 he entered the contest for the chairmanship. Jones, however, was the winner on all four electoral province ballots; so Nakai's aspirations again were delayed. The provinces are centered around Tuba City, Ganado, Tohatchi and Shiprock.

Then came November, 1962, and a Nakai victory in the chairmanship



election, with inauguration in April of 1963. In 1966 he won a vote of confidence for another four-year term.

During his first campaigns he had disagreed sharply with some policies of the then current tribal administration. On the other hand, he praised many things that had been—and were being—done. Among his chief subjects for discussion were plans for drafting of a Bill of Rights and a Constitution that would give the people more voice in their government, more rights and more control—documents adapted to the needs of the people. He pointed out the need for a greater effort to industrialize the reservation. He emphasized strongly the necessity for training Navajos in all phases of the trades, business, industry and the professions. And he argued for expanded educational facilities, including the establishment of a Navajo academy or college.

He praised the leadership of the past that had given the younger generation the education and training that it now has. He said, "The young people are willing and able to lead."

One of the things he promised to do first was to work for a Constitution with a Bill of Rights. He explained that during the years since Fort Sumner and the Long Walk, the Navajo Nation has operated under the Treaty of 1868. Although it is a good treaty in many ways, it does not give every protection to the Navajo Nation. Especially, it does not protect the rights of the individual.

Nakai pointed out that the United States Government, like most republics, has a Constitution and a Bill of Rights, and he asserted that the Navajo Nation should have similar security for its people.

> [Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary defines *bill of rights* as: "A summary of fundamental rights and privileges guaranteed to a people against violation by the state—used

especially in referring to the first ten amendments to the U.S. Constitution." It defines *constitution* as: "The fundamental principles of a nation, state or body politic that determine the powers and duties of a government and guarantee certain rights of the people and that together constitute the organic law of the land—a written instrument embodying such rules." Author's Note]

The chairman said that a Constitution and a Bill of Rights would guarantee to the people freedom of religion, freedom of speech and freedom of the press. They also would guarantee the right of the people to assemble peaceably. The people would have their homes, papers and property protected against searches and seizures. And they would be guaranteed fair trials.

Of course, there are various other rights that the people and the Navajo Nation would have which they do not have under the Treaty of 1868. Nakai explained all of them.

And it is to attain these and other benefits for his people that he has so diligently campaigned and worked since his election to office.

For example, he fought for better education on the Reservation for all Navajos, especially for those who, through no fault of their own, had not had an opportunity to get an education. He frequently mentioned a college or Navajo academy. In fact, such an institution became one of his main objectives. And he made it clear that he was interested not only in formal education, as such, but also in using the know-how and facilities of a college to train Navajos—young and old—in useful vocations.

Development of industry and natural resources, as well as promotion of tourism were other items among his ultimate goals.

He made those goals very well known in his first inaugural address, April 13, 1963. It was then that he stated the motto of his administration: "Only he who makes his people strong is strong; and only he who rules free men is great."

Raymond Nakai knew that he was succeeding a strong and popular man. He made it clear that he approved of many of Paul Jones' policies and actions. He applauded the Tribe's great accomplishments in recent decades. But he felt sincerely that he and a new administration could do many things better and more economically. He also had in mind the initiation of some new policies, as yet untried by the Navajo Tribal Council.

In reality, the voters could not have gone wrong, regardless of the choice they made on the ballot. They were choosing between two good men.

In that first inaugural speech the new chairman brought faith and encouragement to the Navajos by saying:

> "The goal toward which I propose to lead the Navajo people is the goal of all true Americans; it is to a time when the free development of each individual is the condition for the free

development of man—a government which respects the equal dignity of every human being as a child of the same Heavenly Father, a government in which all citizens have the same rights before the law, but, more than that, rights which the law cannot take away—and responsibilities, too, in proportion to their gifts and achievements. It is government with a heart, whose helping hand is out to assist the unfortunate, not merely to keep them alive in misery, but to create the greatest possible opportunity to revive their shattered confidence and to realize their potential as human souls."

Nakai, no doubt, was thinking of the insecurity of the rights of the Navajos. He was emphasizing that on the Reservation is found a tribal government, but not a government in which the rights of its citizens are spelled out and guaranteed, such as the various freedoms, security in their homes, etc.

In discussing the need for a Navajo Bill of Rights, he said:

"The Navajo people themselves should lay the basis for their government. The people should speak out and say what power and authority they want vested in their government. Without a Bill of Rights the individual Navajo has no protection. The strength of the United States lies in the fact that the power of the government is derived from the people themselves. This must be true for the Navajo also."

Adequate protection was not guaranteed in the Treaty of 1868, nor is it in the Tribal Code. Consequently, passage of a Navajo Bill of Rights on October 9, 1967, marked a significant milestone in the march of tribal progress.

That Bill of Rights, carefully considered by the Navajo Tribal Council, was approved by a vote of 36 in favor and 11 opposed. It was a Declaration of Basic Navajo Human Rights and a Revocation of Resolutions Inconsistent Therewith.

But Nakai did not rest. On November 1, 1967, he pressed the issue:

There is no protection for the individual. Navajo Government and court decisions have said over and over that in order for Navajos to be protected where the Tribal Council will not infringe upon an individual's rights, the Tribe would have now to adopt a Constitution setting forth those sacred rights which the Navajo government cannot infringe upon nor take away.

That was the reason for adopting the Bill of Rights, to protect the members of the Tribe who may be carrying on religious activities within the Reservation.

This I feel is a leading step forward, but there remains a lot to do in this area. We hope in time we can set up the necessary machinery for the drafting of a Constitution for the Navajo Nation.

The chairman's dreams were realized when, on November 14, 1968, the Tribal Council approved a resolution "Establishing Procedures for the adoption of a Navajo Tribal Constitution."

A tentative constitution had been written, and the Council authorized that copies be reproduced and distributed in printed form to the Navajo people for their consideration and possible adoption by secret ballot of all adult members of the Navajo Tribe in a special election.

The chairman had stated in his first inaugural address:

> The problems which confront the Navajo Nation are out of all proportion to its relatively small size and population. One half of our adult population is deprived of the vote for their own President and representatives in [the United States] Congress by state literacy laws (education) . . . The average Navajo's income is far less than half of the average American's (poverty) . . . Unemployment on this Reservation is worse than in West Virginia (unemployment).
>
> I believe that I know the solution to all these problems; but I do not claim I will solve them in the four years of my administration, or that they will all be solved even in the lifetime of anyone present.

But Raymond Nakai, like President John Kennedy, said, "Let us begin."

Regarding education, on November 1, 1967, Nakai had explained that the permanent Tribal Scholarship Trust Fund had been increased at varying intervals in the past and that its purpose had been broadened. He hinted, however, that at times scholarships had been granted unwisely because many of the young high school graduates were inadequately prepared for college. He felt that college competition often was too great for the poor preparation of certain students who have been granted scholarships.

Raymond Nakai long has had a dream for a community college or a Navajo academy to be located on the Reservation and designed to serve all peoples. In November, 1967, he said:

> If the Tribe is to advance, the community college is extremely necessary. If we are to find a place under the sun, then this is the way to do it. Today the Tribe is getting more and more sophisticated and the need for education is ever-expanding. If we are going to live successfully in the modern age, we have to have the proper type of education for the Navajo people and for other Indian tribes throughout the United States. The Indian people must have an ever-expanding voice in their education. The Navajos want to control their education, and [the] Rough Rock [Demonstration School] has proven that this is possible.

> The culture, beauty and other contributions of the Navajo Tribe can compare favorably with the rest of the nation. These elements of our culture can and should be contributions to all Americans and to all the world. These benefits can be realized from a community college.
>
> I feel the college should be on the Reservation so that the students can get an education in the environment in which the needs exist and in which these future leaders will operate. "We are presently exerting every effort which we trust will lead to the establishment of a community college on the Reservation in the near future. We are working hard in that direction.

This great objective was realized when, in 1968, the Navajo people, through the leadership and guidance of the Chairman and the Tribal Council, made the Navajo Community College a reality. It opened its doors to approximately 350 students for the first time in January, 1969, for the spring semester. It is controlled by an all-Navajo Board of Regents and, as this is being published, it is funded by the Navajo Tribe, the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Donner Foundation and several private business and industrial firms. The Bureau of Indian Affairs is providing the use of some of its facilities at the Many Farms location until a new and permanent campus is ready at Tsaile Lake on the Reservation. The target date for the move to the new campus is the fall of 1971. The Tribe, in 1968, deeded 2,000 acres of land in one of the most beautiful areas of the Reservation—the Wheatfields-Tsaile region.

Navajo Community College has the distinction of being the first institution of higher learning on an Indian reservation.

Also, the permanent Tribal Scholarship Trust has been increased to offer new opportunities in higher education for Navajo youth—whether that education be at the Tribe's new college or off the Reservation at some other college or university.

The Chairman struck a tragic note in his inaugural address concerning the group of older Navajo persons who grew up at a time when there were few schools and very little opportunity to get an education. He stated:

> We need an adult education program to overcome in some measure the long years when no schools were available to the majority of our population—to give new hope to our tragically disabled people—the able-bodied middle aged who cannot speak English, some of whom have great manual skills, but cannot follow their trades because they do not know the English language.
>
> We need to assist and encourage these people to educate their children. We must help the vegetable pickers and other unskilled migratory workers, at least to break the vicious circle that keeps their children out of school and condemns them in turn to an almost subhuman existence.

Chairman Nakai with Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey at Washington, D.C., conference in 1964.

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Chairman and Mrs. Nakai (right) with Senator Barry Goldwater at Navajo National Monument dedication in 1966.

In November, 1967, he had emphasized the fact that the community college would be a valuable means of teaching these forgotten people and would assist them in obtaining the type of training which would allow them to break the cycle of poverty. Nakai said that, through this training, the Navajos would be able to do for themselves the things they previously have been unable to do. The college, he explained, would serve as a means of rediscovering and refining the hidden abilities which lie dormant within many individual Navajos. And—already—the college is doing exactly that.

Nakai believes that a more vigorous pursuit of the development of the natural resources of the Reservation, as well as a special effort at industrialization, are two important means for solving Navajo unemployment problems.

He has proposed that the Tribal Council make a thorough economic study of the Navajo country.

He also believes that the establishment of a Navajo chamber of commerce might be a useful agent for public relations, advertising and attraction of industries to the Reservation.

The Chairman rejects the short-sighted view of the Krug Report, made shortly after the second World War. The report declared that 75,000 people were trying to eke out a living in an area with enough resources to support only 45,000. Nakai has stated that Switzerland, a land with even fewer resources, supports more than four million people. He believes that through education and industrial development the Navajo Reservation can blossom and prosper. In fact, industrial growth now has become an exciting reality, and better times seem to be assured.

He also has proposed the revision of tribal licensing and credit regulations to give greater incentive to the establishment of small businesses by the Navajo people.

In regard to the Navajos living in the Checkerboard area of New Mexico, their hopes arose when Nakai promised, "I shall propose industrial and agricultural projects for the Checkerboard area, and land acquisitions where possible on terms that are not unreasonable."

Raymond Nakai has kept his word. By the middle of 1969 three-fourths of a million acres had been acquired at an average cost of ten dollars an acre, according to the Land Investigations Office of the Tribe. Thus, great expanses of land had been purchased for $7,500,000 of tribal treasury funds, and more money was being requested for additional land needed by the rapidly growing population.

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The Navajo people are on the move upward. A moderate degree of prosperity is more nearly assured than ever before. And Window Rock, the capital, once a sleepy little community, teems with activity as the Navajos move to take their place in the action-filled space age.

CHAIRMAN NAKAI HAS SAID:

"Let it be clear that this administration recognizes the value of daring and dissent—that we greet healthy controversy as the hallmark of a healthy change . . . Let every man and woman who has worked in any area of our tribal government, in any division, at any level, be able to say with pride and honor, 'I served the Navajo Tribal Government in that hour of need' . . . The past few years of industrial growth bear out the fact that Navajos do possess outstanding ability, but they must be educated and trained . . . I know the hardships my people have suffered; many a time as a boy I went without food. . . . I believe in faith, hope and love, being an optimistic person . . . The greatness of the Navajo nation lies not only in the beauty and strength of Navajoland but, most importantly, in the Navajo people themselves. We have a great heritage and a great culture. We must be proud of being Navajos, just as we are proud of being Americans. Schools must join hands with parents in teaching our children pride in both ways of life—[the Navajo and the Anglo] . . . With a firm foundation rooted in our past, we can face the future with confidence. Our greatest strength comes from within and from above."

Finally, Raymond Nakai has declared, "It is a better world we have to build. It is one in which every Navajo shall stand erect beside his fellow Americans as an equal among equals."

The shepherd boy with the wonderful dreams and the determination to lead his people to a better future already has accomplished much.

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE FOR NAVAJO AND SPANISH WORDS

English values are only approximate . . .

Abiquiu	AH bih kew
Adiits'a'ii	ADD it sigh
Agua Caliente	AH wah KAHL ee EN tay
Agua Chiquito	AH wah Chee KEE toe
Asdzáá Tsiłchíí'	Odds AH Tsilth CHEE
Ashjjhí	Ah SHE he
Ashkii	Ahsh KEE
Béésh łichí'ii Bigiizh	BESH tli chih ee Big EEZH
Bi'éé'łichíí'ii	Bih YE tli chee ee
Bi'éé'łizhinii	Bih YEH tlih zhih nih
Bikee' dijooí	Bih KEH dih JOE lih
Bosque Redondo	BOSS keh Reh DON doe
Caballado Mucho	Kah by AH do MOO cho
Canyon de Chelly	CANyon deh SHAY
Cayetano	Ky yeh TAH no
Cebolla	Seh BOY uh
Cebolleta	Seh boy YET uh
Chabaa'	CHAH buh
Ch'il'ahwéhé	Chill ah WHEH heh
Cochiti	KO chih tee
Dibébito'	Dih BEH bih toe
Dinetah	Dih NEH tah
'Éé'nei shoodii yázhí	Ay nay SHOW dih YAZH ih
Ganado Mucho	Gah NAH doe MOO cho
Hashkeh Naabaah	Hash KEH Nah BAH
Hastiin Ch'ilhaajinii	Hahs TEEN CHIL hah zhin ee
Huero	WHERE oh

Jemez	HAY mus
Jesus Arviso	Heh SOOS Ar VEE so
Juan Cocinas	Hwahn Ko SEE nus
Juanico	Hwah NEE koe
Kiilchíí'	Keelth CHEE
Kinlichíí'nii	KIN tlih chee nee
Mą'ii'deeshgiizhnii	Mah EE desh GIZH nee
Mą'ii yázhí	Mah ee YAHZH ih
Manuel Armijo	Mahn WELL Ar MEE ho
Mogollon	Moe goh YONE
Muerto de Hambre	MWAIR toe deh AHM bray
Naat'ąąnii Náádleel	Nah TAH nee NOD tleth
Ojo del Gallo	OH ho dell GUY oh
Pedro Jose	PEH dro Ho ZAY
Piñon	Peen YONE
Shádí	SHAD dih
Shichei	Shih CHAY
Shigii	Shih gih
Sierra Escudilla	See AIR uh Es koo DEE yuh
'Soos'	Rhymes with close as in close to the cat
Tódích'íinii	TOE dih chee nee
Tl'ohchin	Tloe CHIN
Tótsohnii	TOTE so nee
Tsin Sikaad	Tsin Sih KAHD
Tunicha	Too NEE chuh
Yé'ii bichei	YAY bih chay
Yoo tsoh	YO tso
Zarcillos Largos	Zar SEE ose LAR gose

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RATIONAL FOR NAVAJO LANGUAGE AND NAVAJO CULTURE—EMPHASIS AT ROUGH ROCK DEMONSTRATION SCHOOL

Rough Rock Demonstration School from the very beginning emphasized Navajo culture and language and felt it was not only possible but necessary to bring to the curriculum these vital foundations. This was not done as an "either—or" approach to education in which the skill and subject areas taught in all dominant American classrooms were ignored or relegated to a position of minor importance. Rather the educational philosophy enunciated and practiced at Rough Rock was a "both—and" approach where the Navajo and the dominant American subjects were both taught and respected. The foundation was quite properly Navajo because without knowledge and respect for one's own language and heritage acquiring a positive self-image so vital to living confidently in today's world is impossible.

On the other hand, it is also impossible to live in today's world without the tools of English, mathematics, science and so forth. The Navajo person wants to be able to select and use those elements of the dominant society that he needs if for no other reason than to protect his Navajo identity and land.

The Navajo student at Rough Rock is not being educated in a "back to the blanket" approach to education. The Navajo student at Rough Rock is not being educated to a "white is right" approach to education. The Navajo student at Rough Rock is being educated to an appreciation and respect for his language and culture and an equal exposure to knowledge and understandings necessary to live in or communicate with the dominant society. The Rough Rock graduate must be able to live in and contribute both to the Navajo world and/or the world of the dominant society depending solely on his choice not his preparation (education).

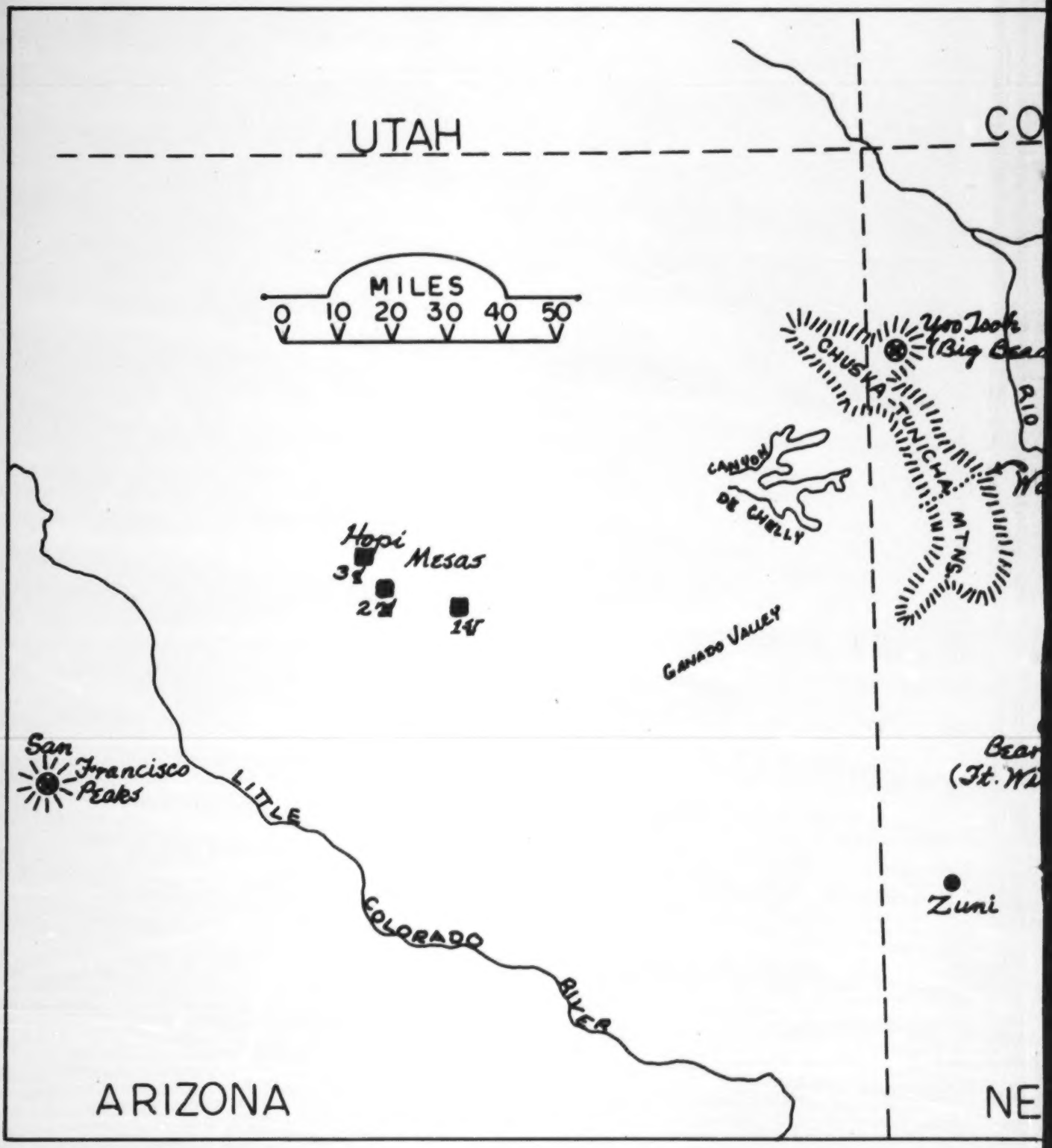
To use another illustration the kind and type of education is like the soil in which a tree (knowledge) is planted. There must be a philosophy of education (the soil) for any school to develop properly and fully. Yet too many schools develop their educational programs in a tin can which denies the plant the chance to grow and thrive. At Rough Rock the educational soil is the "both—and" philosophy of education in which one tree that we plant and help grow is the Navajo tree and the other tree we plant and help grow is the best of the dominant society. We want and expect both trees to grow and prosper because we believe the student needs both. By way of illustrations we might say the tree (the Navajo) is an orange tree while the other tree (the dominant society) is an apple tree. The soil (educational philosophy) provides the nutrients and other essentials needed for those trees to grow. The

student then as he grows up and for that matter throughout his life selects the oranges and apples as he wishes and in the amount of each he desires. The role the soil (educational philosophy) plays in this approach cannot be over emphasized. Yet in most reservation public schools and BIA schools there is no conscious educational philosophy of cultural pluralism present. In all probability in many of these schools the lingering traces of Indian cultural murder is evident and in any critical examination of these schools' underlying educational philosophy would reveal this fact.

Rough Rock was perhaps the first school to stand up and say such attacks on one's own culture and language were wrong and that local control meant first and last transforming the school from a tool supporting cultural genocide to a powerful weapon preaching and practicing Knowledge and respect for one's own being and identity.

In conclusion then, the educational programs at Rough Rock grow out of the soil of cultural pluralism which teaches knowledge and respect for both the Navajo way and the best of the dominant society's ways. The Navajo part of this equation is the portion routinely ignored or given only minor attention in other schools but it is the area of primary concern to Rough Rock. How can we most effectively bring into the curriculum at all levels Navajo language and culture? This is our challenge and our opportunity. It is toward this end that all publications at Rough Rock are directed.

Ruth Roessel
Director Resource Center
Rough Rock Demonstration School
June 1978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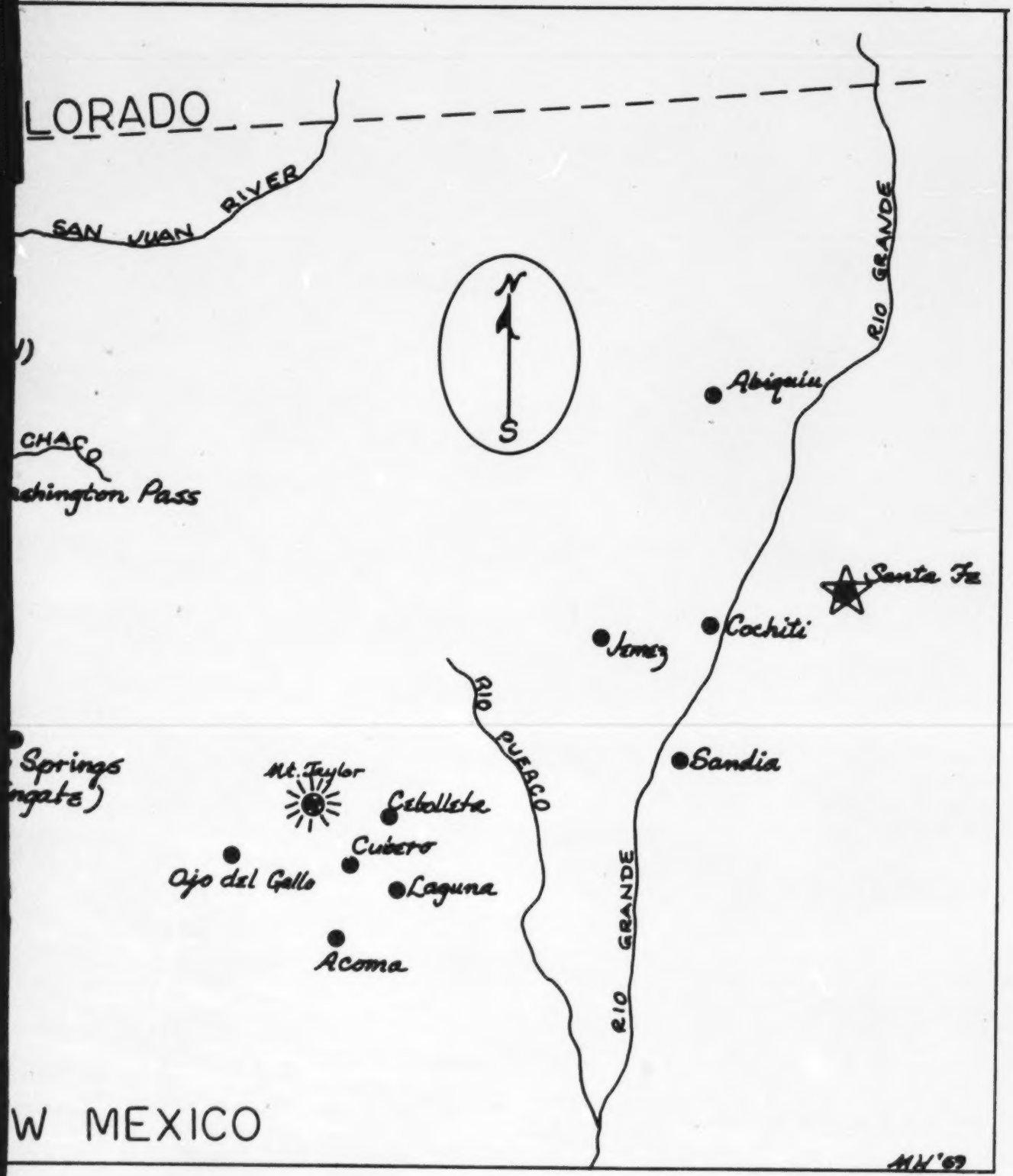
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